



THE COSMIC AVENGER!

QUASAR

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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

AT THE
MERCY OF
DR. MINERVA!



FAREWELL TO ARMS?!

Stan Lee PRESENTS

QUASAR

DAWN IN NEW MEXICO...

LET ME GO, EARTHMAN--
OR YOUR LIFE WILL
BE FORFEIT!

SORRY,
HARPLEE.
ACCORDING TO
THE AVENGERS' FILE
ON YOU, YOU NEED TO
TOUCH A PERSON
TO ROB HIS LIFE
FORCE.

-- WHICH
IS WHY I'M
NOT GONNA
LET YOU TOUCH
ME WITH A
TEN FOOT
POLE!

KREE FOR ALL

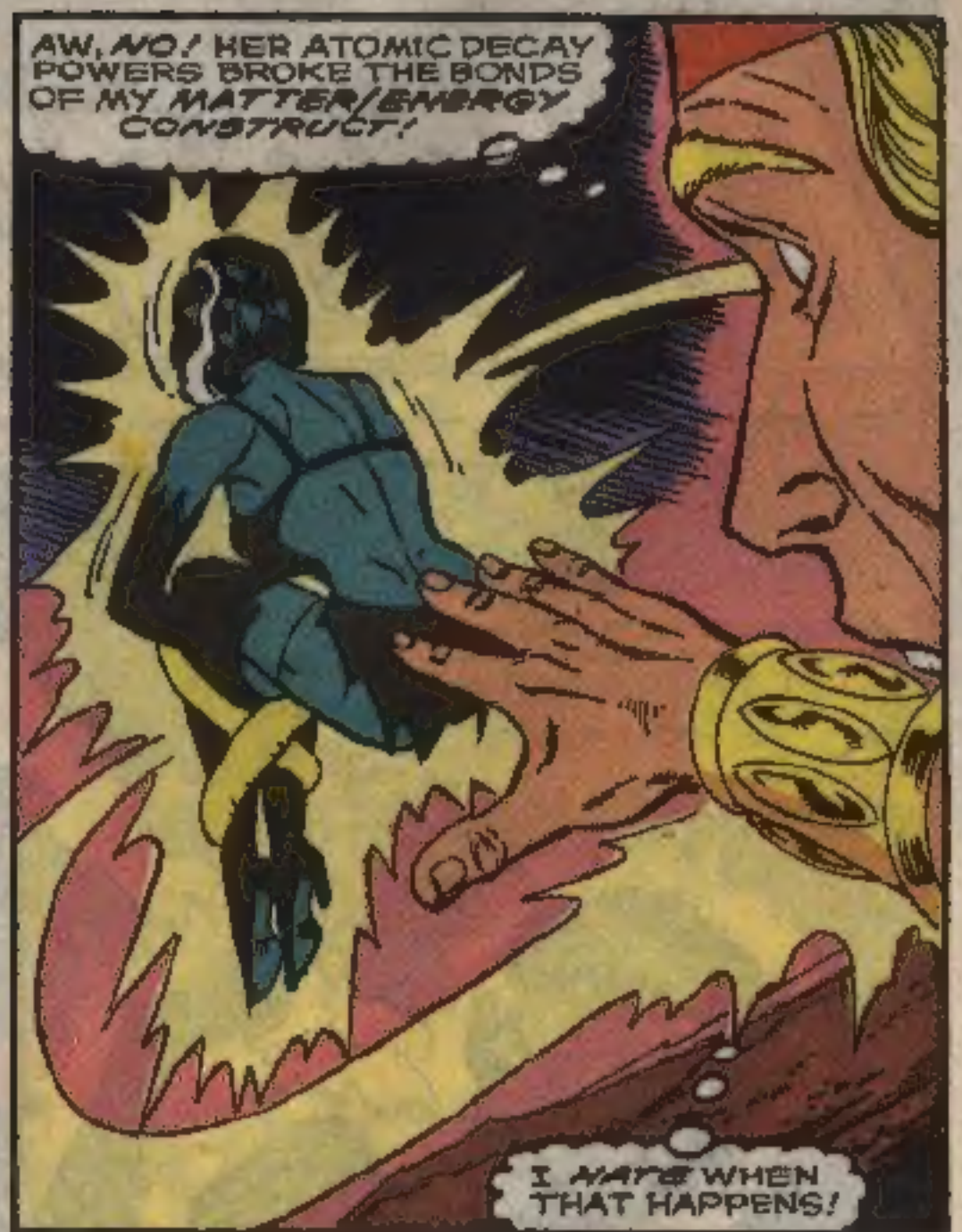
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FAN!

THIS IS WHAT
I THINK OF YOUR
PALTRY ENERGY
RESTRAINTS!



AW, NO! HER ATOMIC DECAY
POWERS BROKE THE BONDS
OF MY MATTER/ENERGY
CONSTRUCT!

I ~~WAS~~ WHEN
THAT HAPPENS!



OHH!

BETTER
KEEP HER
FROM GOING
SPLAT.

DON'T
WORRY,
MA'AM, I
GOTCH!



CAN'T USE MY BANDS TO NEUTRALIZE HER
ENERGY. SHE APPARENTLY MANIPULATES THE
WEAK FORCES, AND THE DECAY OF SUBATOMIC
PARTICLES FALLS OUTSIDE THE
ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM!

I COULD
TRY INTERWEAVING
~~OTHER~~
ELECTROMAGNETIC
ENERGY PARTICLES
INTO MY
CONSTRUCTS,
BUT SHE'D
PROBABLY JUST
BURN THROUGH
THEM, TOO!



WAIT! I KNOW SOMETHING
HER BODY CAN'T BURN
THROUGH!

WHAT --
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING?!



SORRY TO GET SO PERSONAL, MA'AM...

...BUT I HAVE TO BORROW THOSE ULTRAFASHIONABLE DESIGNER AIR-BOOTS OF YOURS A MOMENT.

THERE, UNLESS THE OUTFIT OF YOURS WAS ONCE CONSIDERABLY MORE SUBSTANTIAL, I FIGURE YOUR ALIEN GARMENTS ARE PROOF AGAINST YOUR DISINTEGRATIONAL ABILITIES. AM I CORRECT?



YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS INDIGNITY.



DO YOU TAKE CREDIT CARDS?

A/WHY? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

A NICE COZY PLACE I KNOW DESIGNED TO HOLD SUPERMAN SUSPECTS LIKE YOURSELF--



--THE VAULT.

DON'T WORRY, MISS. YOU'LL ONLY BE HELD HERE UNTIL YOU CAN STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDERS YOU'RE SUSPECTED OF.



YOU'RE GETTING TO BE ONE OF OUR BEST CUSTOMERS, QUASAR.

WATCH HER, SIR-- SHE'S A HARD ONE TO HOLD.



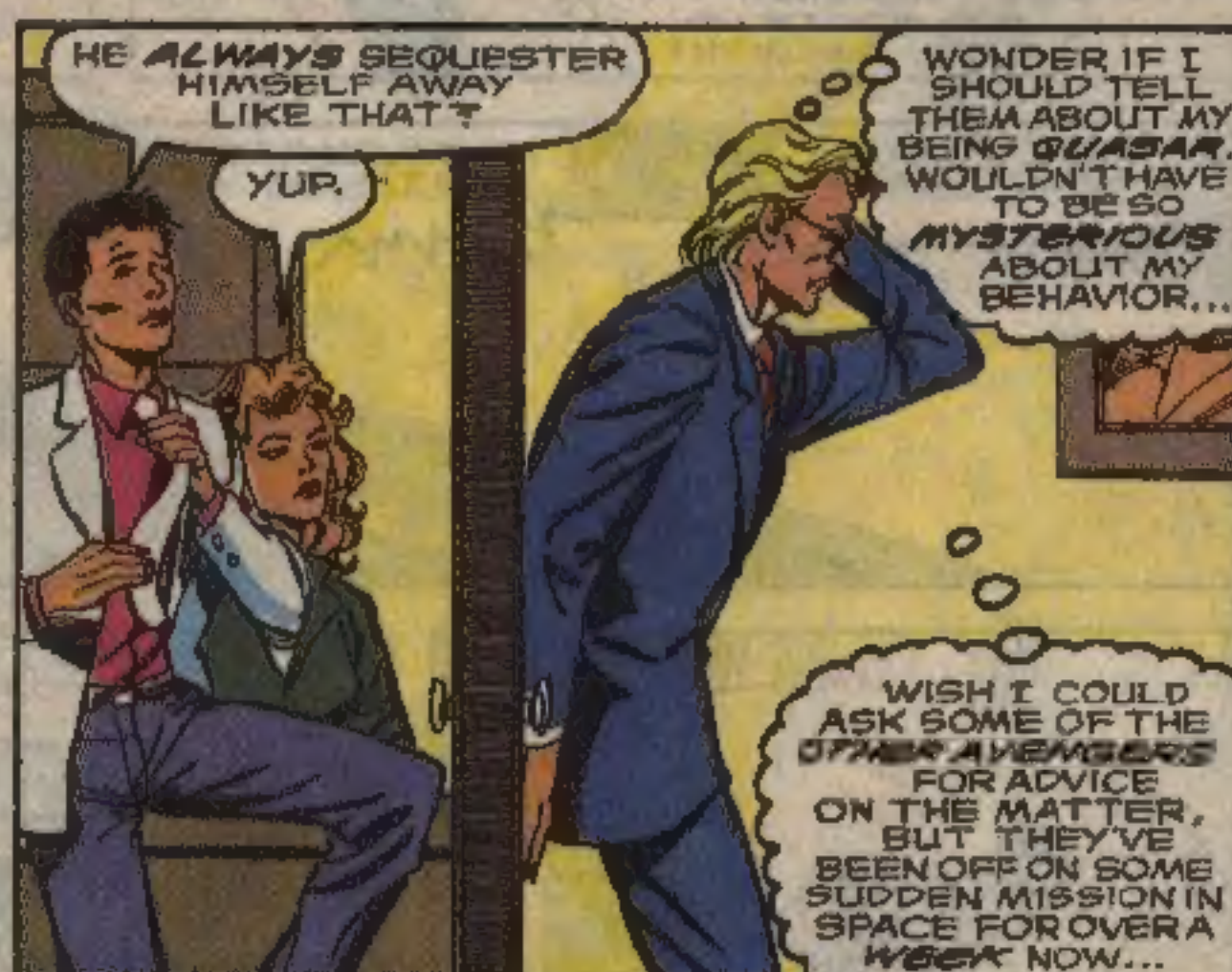
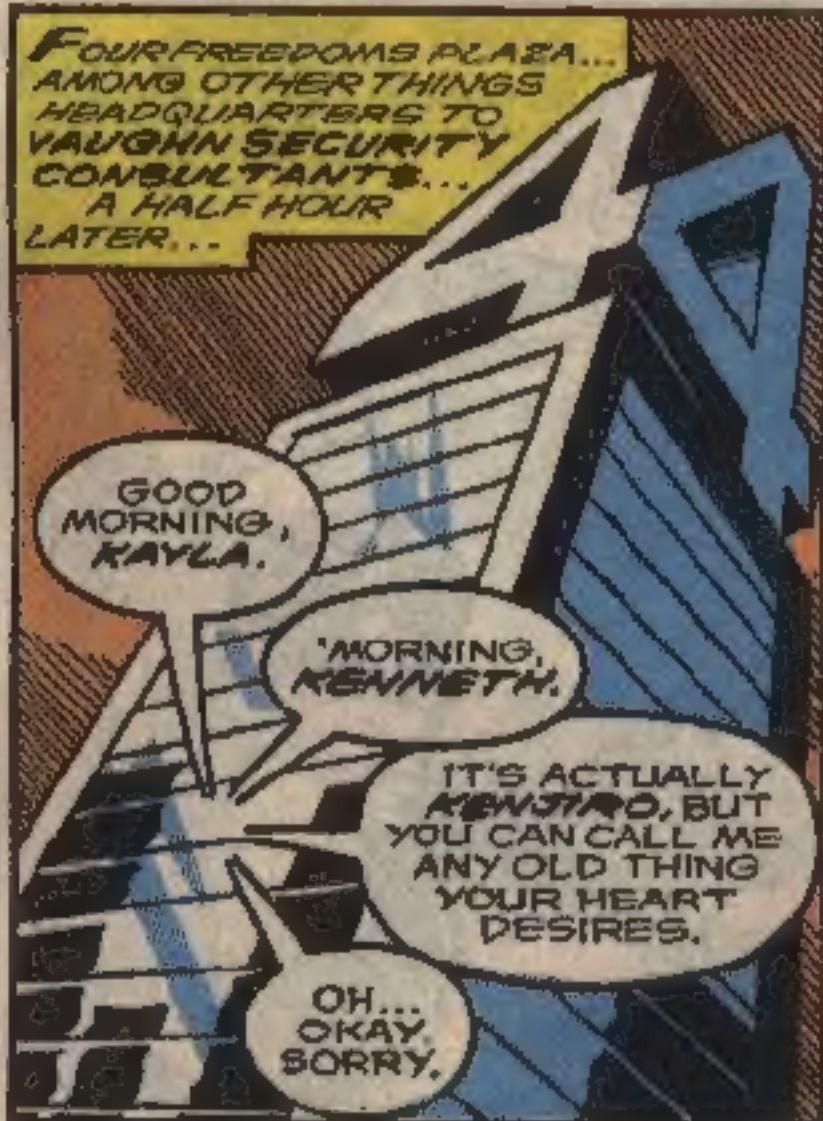
I'LL FAX YOU A STATEMENT LATER TODAY...

...GOTTA BE OFF!



THERE HE GOES, OBVIOUS TO US.

APPARENTLY HALFLIFE NEVER REVEALED TO HIM WHAT SHE WAS OUT IN THE DESERT LOOKING FOR!





THAT'S ABOUT IT.

BOY, EON'S NOT IN A VERY TALKATIVE MOOD TODAY. HOW CAN A GUY WHO NEVER SLEEPS GET UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BED?



WISH I'D GET ~~DONE~~ TAGGING ALL THE ALIENS ON EARTH ALREADY. SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME I GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LIST, EON LOCATES A COUPLE MORE.

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I'M GOING ABOUT TRYING TO FIND THE ~~THREAT~~ FROM SPACE EON BELIEVES WILL TRY TO KILL HIM ALL WRONG.



LATER.

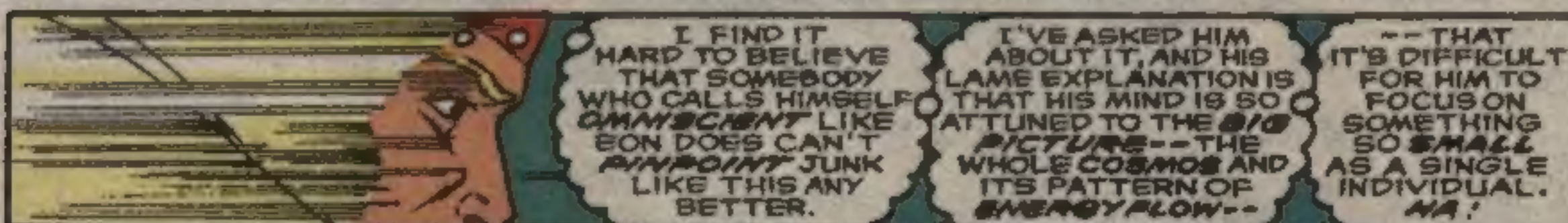
I WAS GOING TO WAIT TILL TONIGHT TO GET STARTED, BUT WITH NO WORK TO OCCUPY MYSELF WITH, I WAS BEGINNING TO CLIMB THE WALLS.



BUSINESS HAD BETTER PICK UP SOON, OR I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO...

WISH I HAD A BETTER SYSTEM FOR ~~LOCATING~~ E.T.'S THAN CRUISING THEIR GENERAL VICINITY AND TRYING TO PICK UP ANOMALOUS ENERGY DISCHARGES...

NOT EVERY E.T. ROUTINELY GIVES OFF WEIRD ENERGY.



I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT SOMEBODY WHO CALLS HIMSELF OMNISCIENT LIKE EON DOES CAN'T ~~AVOID~~ JUNK LIKE THIS ANY BETTER.

I'VE ASKED HIM ABOUT IT, AND HIS LAME EXPLANATION IS THAT HIS MIND IS SO ATTUNED TO THE ~~BIG~~ PICTURE--THE WHOLE COSMOS AND ITS PATTERN OF ENERGY FLOW--

-- THAT IT'S DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO FOCUS ON SOMETHING SO SMALL AS A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL. HA!



I WONDER ABOUT HIM SOMETIMES. I WONDER IF HE MAY BE EXAGGERATING ABOUT THIS THREAT TO HIS EXISTENCE EVEN.

BETTER STOP THAT LINE OF THOUGHT. I BEGIN TO IMPUGN THE MOTIVES OF THE GUY WHO APPOINTED ME PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE AND THEN WHAT?

THEN NOTHING MAKES SENSE.



SIX HOURS OF
SKIMMING
THE ATLANTIC...
ALL FOR ZIP!

WHAT DID I EXPECT?
THREE QUARTERS OF THE
EARTH'S SURFACE IS
WATER, AND EVEN MAKING
SWEEPS A HUNDRED MILES
APART, THAT'S A LOT OF
AREA TO COVER.

I'M CALLING
IT A NIGHT.

SOON, IN
CONNECTICUT...



HOME
AT
LAST...

MAN, EVEN WITH MY QUANTUM-BANDS
DOING ALL THE WORK, SPENDING SIX
HOURS WITH YOUR ARMS OVER YOUR
HEAD FLYING IS ENOUGH TO GIVE
ANYONE SHOULDER CRAMPS.



YAWN

TOO TIRED TO
UNDRESS. LET ME
JUST REST A
MOMENT, GET UP
ENOUGH ENERGY
FOR MY BEDTIME
RITUAL...





<DO I DETECT A TRACE OF **FEAR** IN YOUR VOICE, CAPTAIN? YOU-- ONE OF THE MOTHERWORLD'S MOST DECORATED SOLDIERST>

<THE EARTHERS ARE A DANGEROUS, **UNSTABLE** LOT, DOCTOR. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT, **WORKING** AMONG THEM IN SECRET FOR SO LONG.>

<UNSTABLE EMOTIONALLY AND **MUTAGENICALLY**--A DANGEROUS COMBINATION. GIVE ME A SIMPLE SHAPE-SHIFTING **SKULL** TO ONE OF THESE UNPREDICTABLY POWERFUL EARTHERS ANY DAY!>

<IF IT **WEREN'T** FOR THESE UNPREDICTABLY POWERFUL EARTHERS, DEAR CAPTAIN, I WOULD NOT HAVE DISCOVERED A WAY TO STIMULATE OUR OWN SPECIES' MORIBUND **GENETIC** POTENTIAL-->

<--BEGINNING WITH OUR OWN!>

<YOUR REVOLUTIONARY WORK WITH **PSYCHO-MAGNETRON** WILL MAKE YOU THE MOST CELEBRATED SCIENTIST IN THE ENTIRE **ARISE** EMPIRE, DOCTOR!>

<JUST AS THE RECOVERY OF THE FABLED PROTOTYPE FOR THE **ARISE-BAMPS** WILL EARN YOU A PROMOTION.>

SOON, ABOARD THE SHIP...

<YOU SECURE HIM, I WANT TO GET THIS CRUISER OUT OF ORBIT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.>

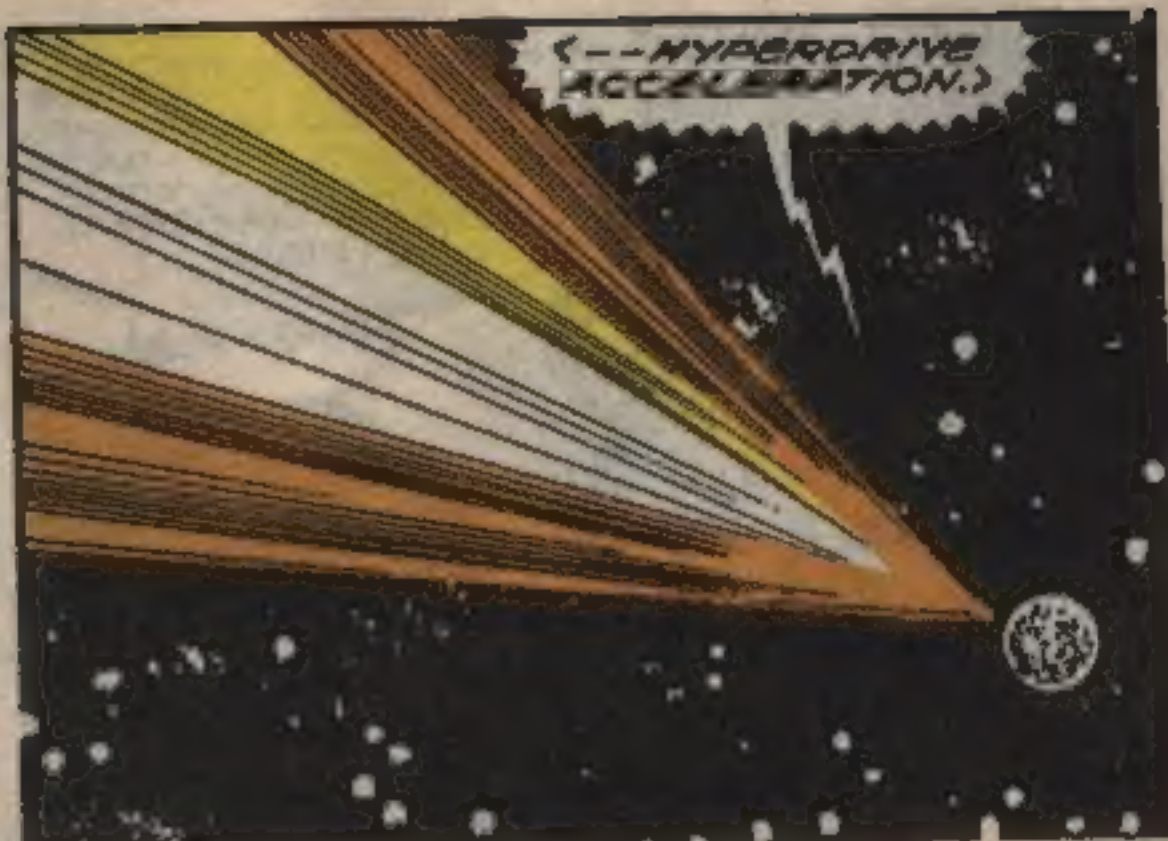
<CHECK.>

WITH THE **SYNAPTIC** DISRUPTOR RAY TRAINED ON HIM, HE IS TOTALLY HARMLESS.

HMM, QUITE PLEASANT-LOOKING FOR AN EARTHER...



<DOCTOR MINERVA,
WE'RE LEAVING EARTH ORBIT.
STRAP YOURSELF DOWN IN
PREPARATION FOR-->



<--HYPERDRIVE
ACCELERATION-->

AND SOON...



<DO YOU
REALLY THINK
THOSE WRIST-
BANDS HE WEARS
ARE THE
LEGENDARY
POWER-BANDS
OF RINN?>

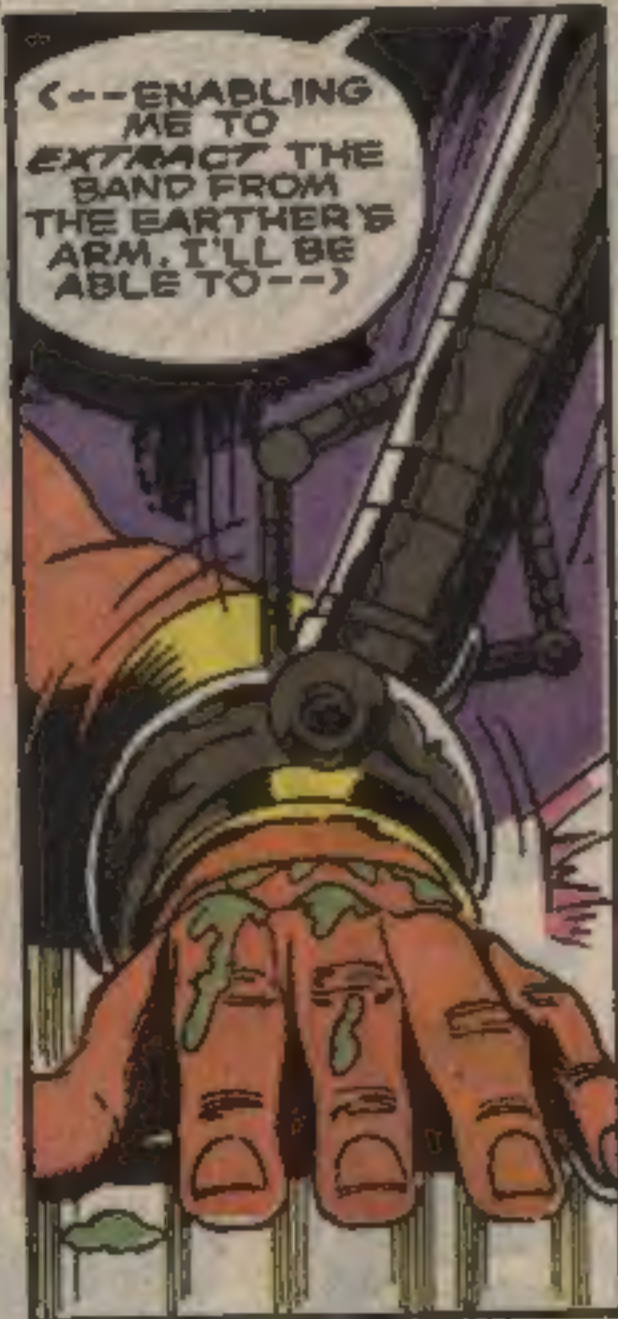
<I WAS
NOT AWARE OF
YOUR INTEREST
IN CRYPTO-
HISTORY,
CAPTAIN
ATLAS.>

<ACCORDING TO LORE,
THEY WERE LAST SEEN IN
THIS VICINITY SEVERAL
MILLENNIA AGO. SENTRY 213
I BELIEVE IT WAS, RECOVERED
IT AND PUT IN A WEAPONS
DEPOT SOMEWHERE IN
THIS SYSTEM.>

<YES, I STUDIED
GALACTIC WEAPONRY AT
THE ACADEMY. AS I RECALL,
MY PROFESSOR RANKED THE
POWER-BANDS RIGHT UP
THERE WITH THE SOUL-GEMS,
THE SKRULLIAN CUBE,
AND THE ULTIMATE
NULLIFIER.>



<WELL,
IF THIS
LUBRICANT
DOES WHAT IT'S
SUPPOSED
TO DO-->



<--ENABLING
ME TO
EXTRACT THE
BAND FROM
THE EARTHER'S
ARM, I'LL BE
ABLE TO-->



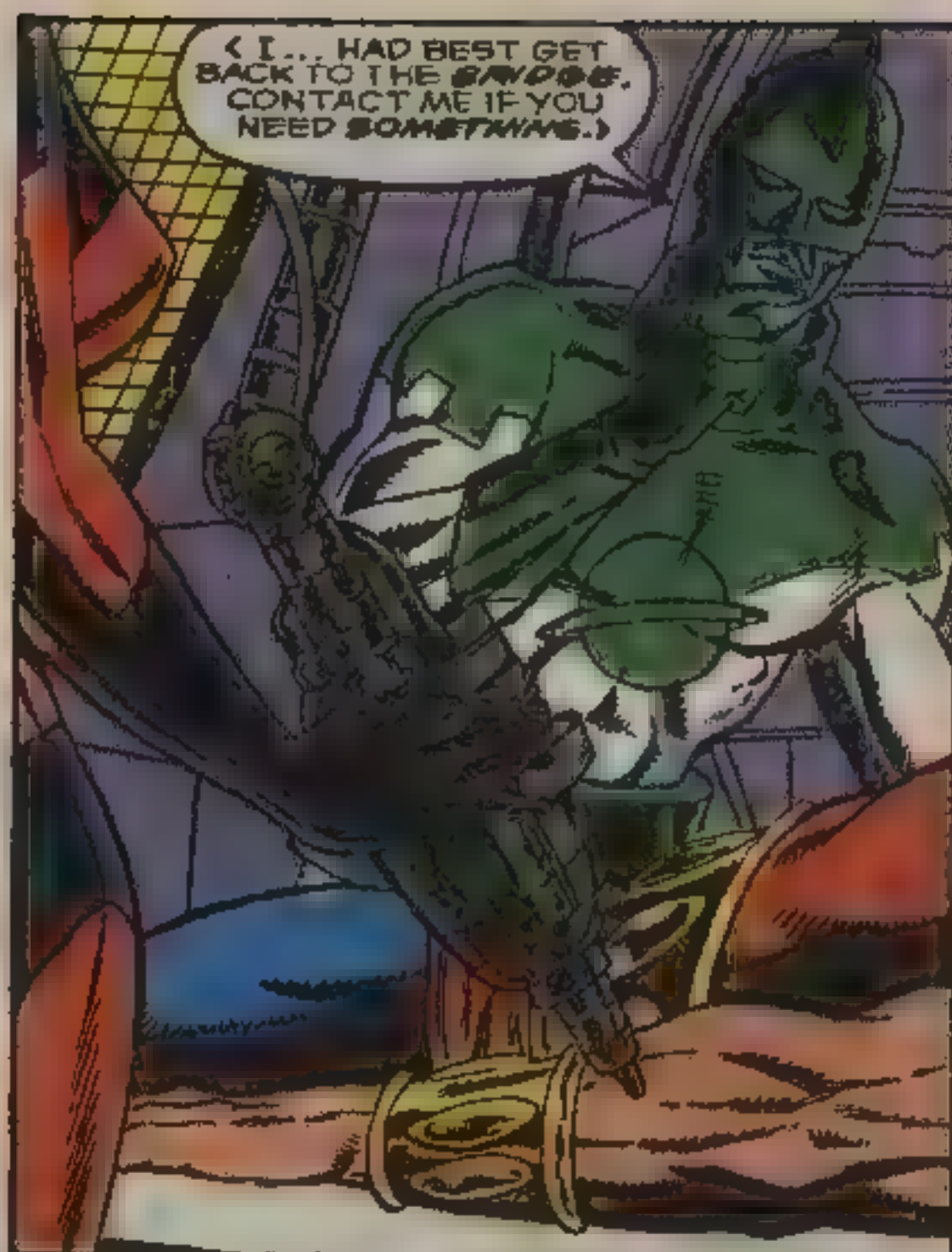
<HMM! IT'S NOT
MOVING. LET ME--
PAMA, I CANNOT EVEN
GET THIS DEPRESSOR
UNDER IT!>

<IT'S
AS IF THE
METAL WERE
BONDED
TO HIS
ARM.>

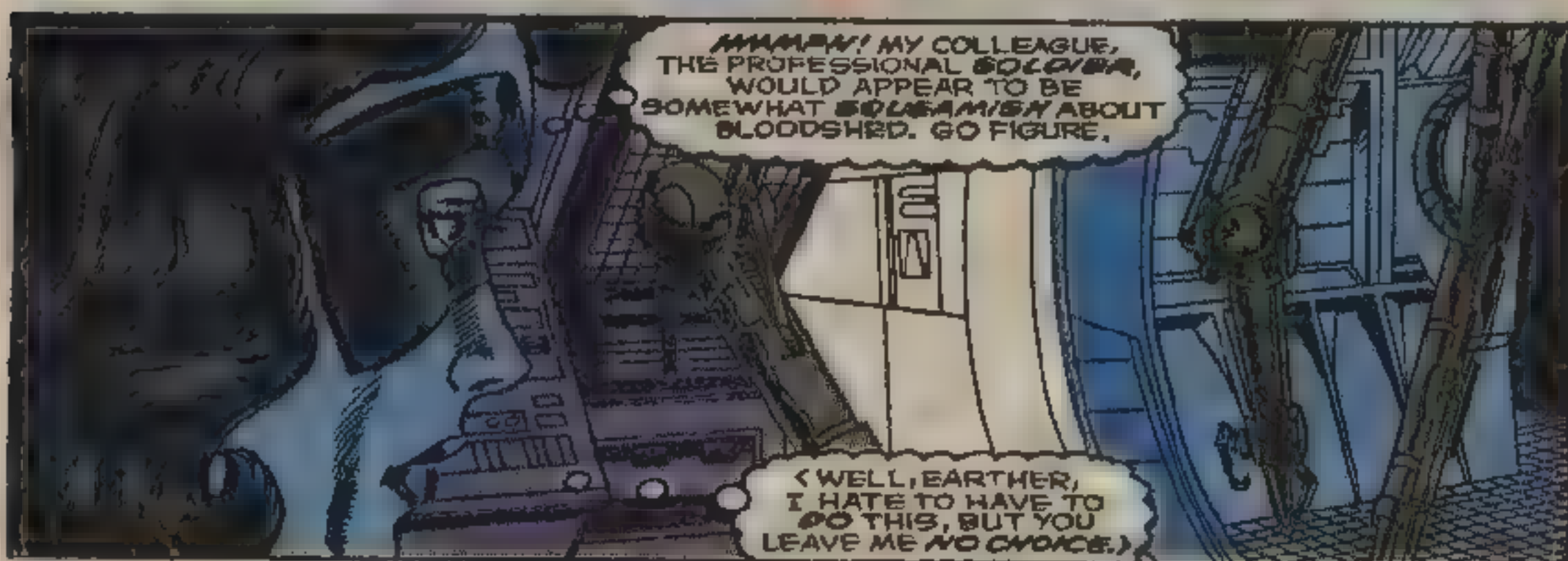


<IT WOULD SEEM MY ONLY RECOURSE IS TO SEVER THE FOREARM ABOVE AND BELOW THE POWER BAND, THEN SCOOP OUT THE ORGANIC MATERIAL BETWEEN...>

<PITY...>

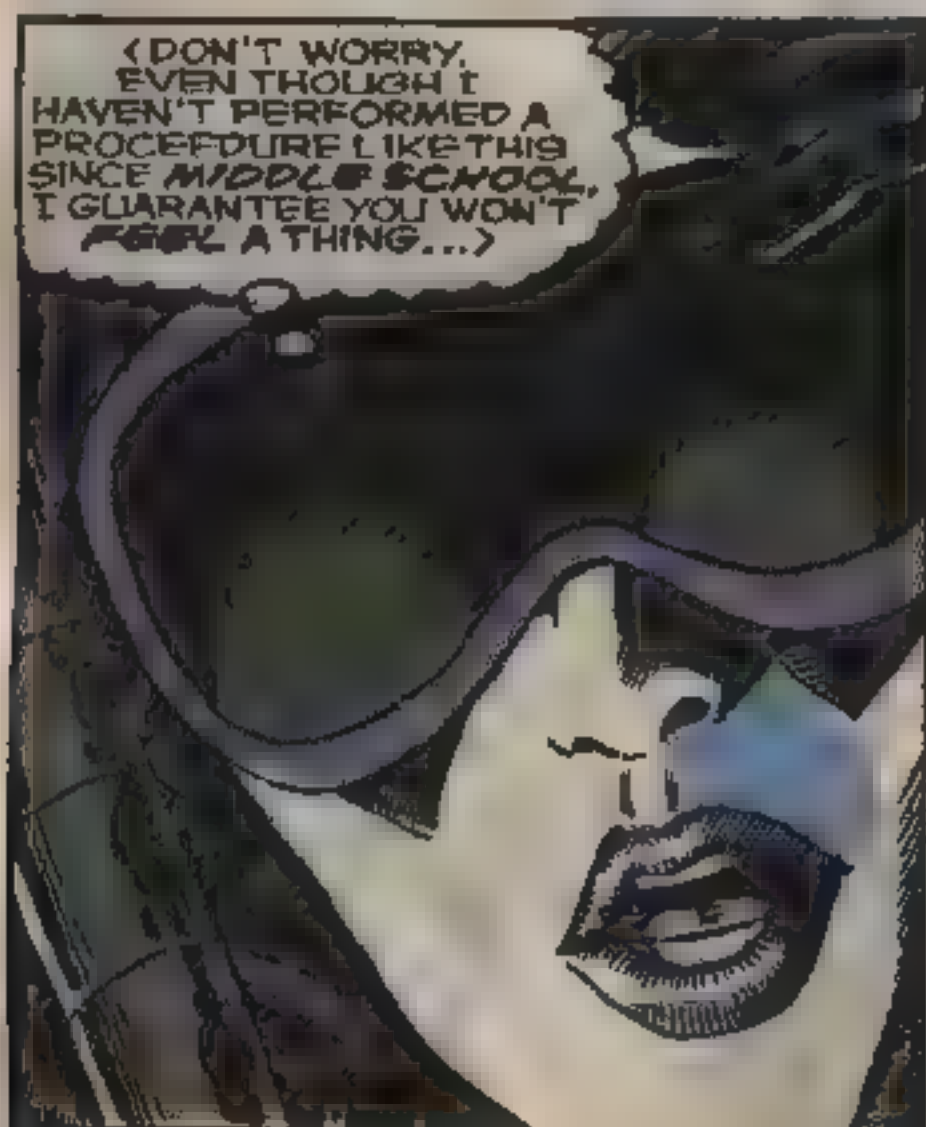


<I... HAD BEST GET BACK TO THE SAWDUB. CONTACT ME IF YOU NEED SOMETHING.>

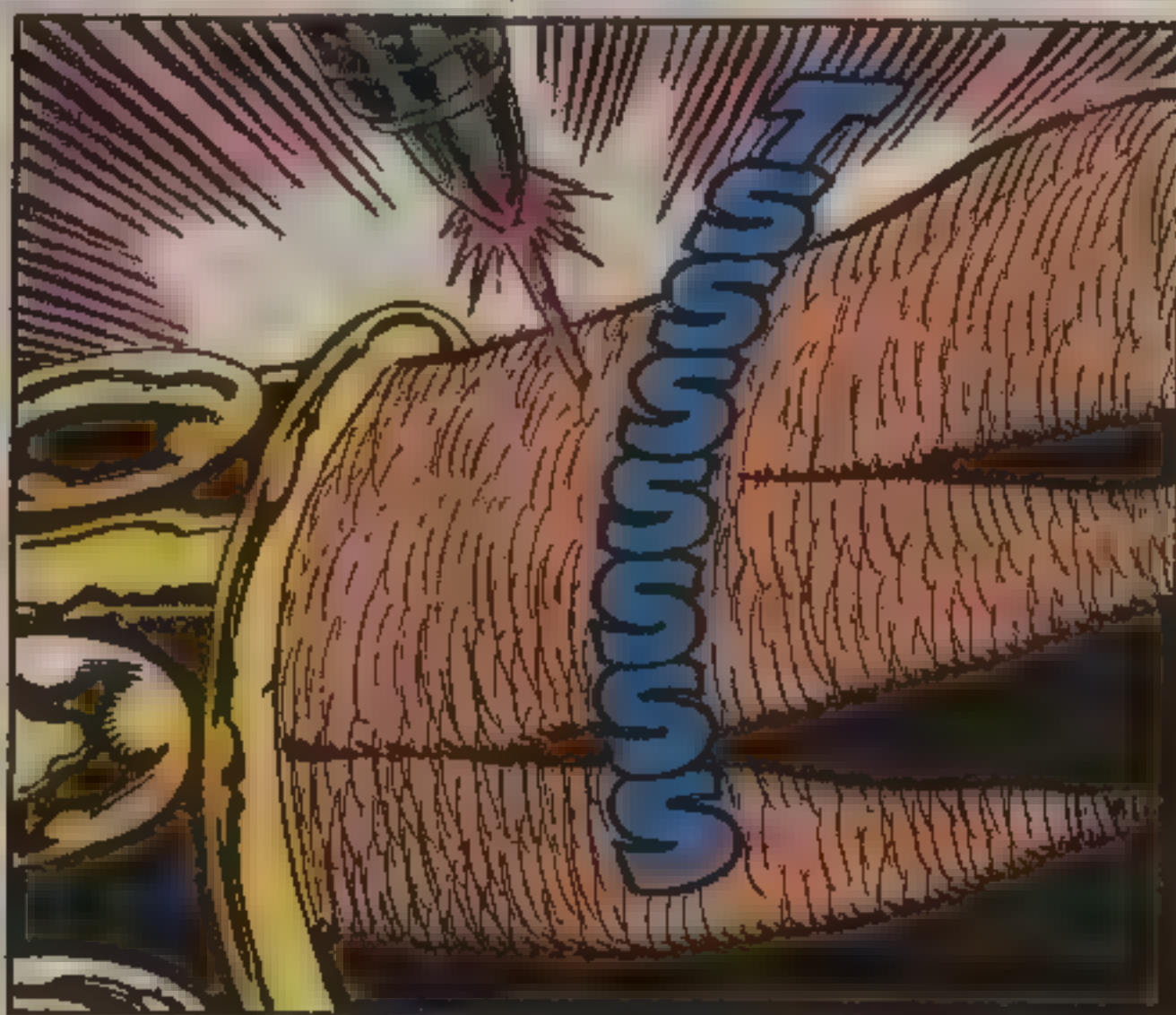


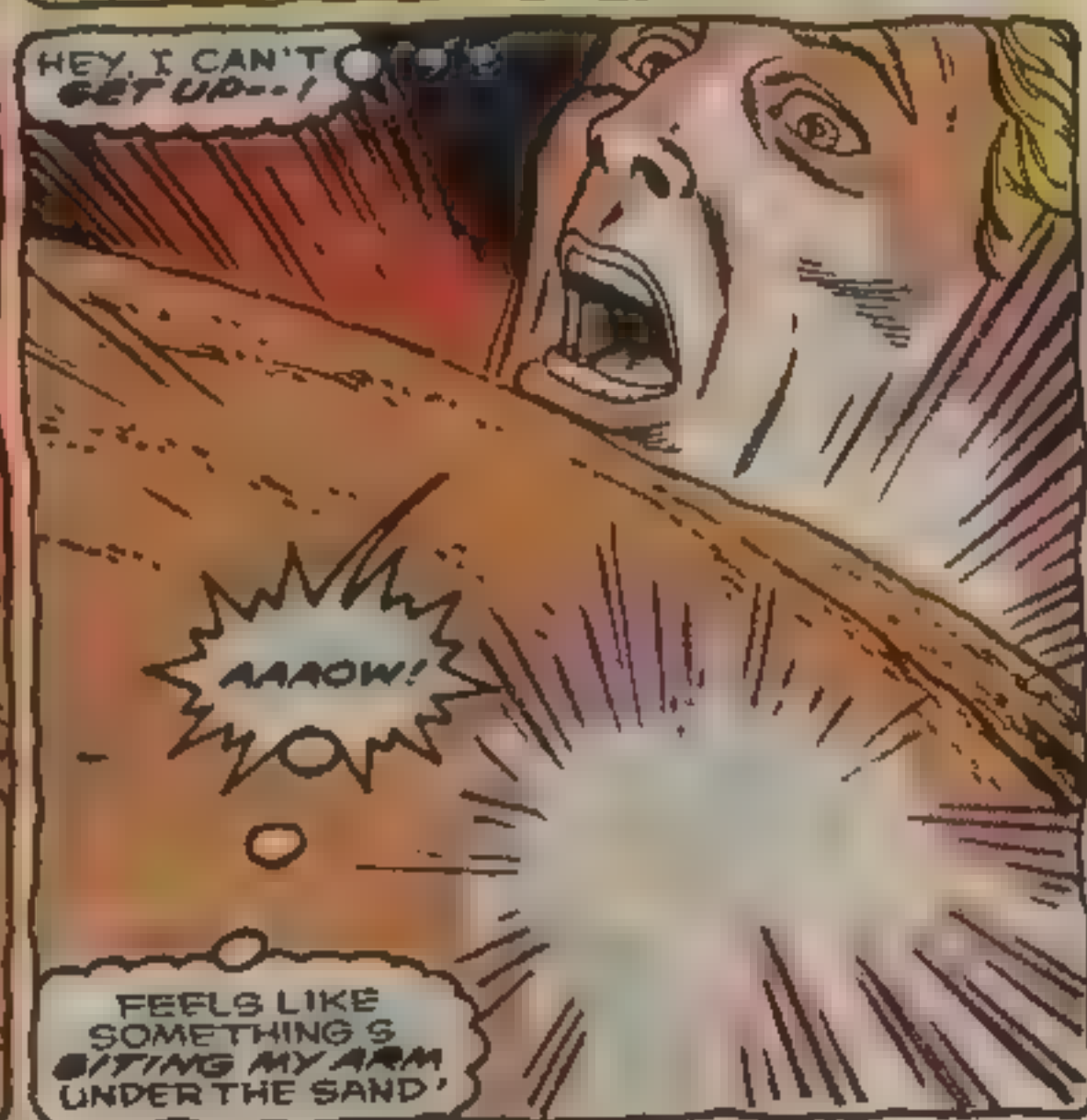
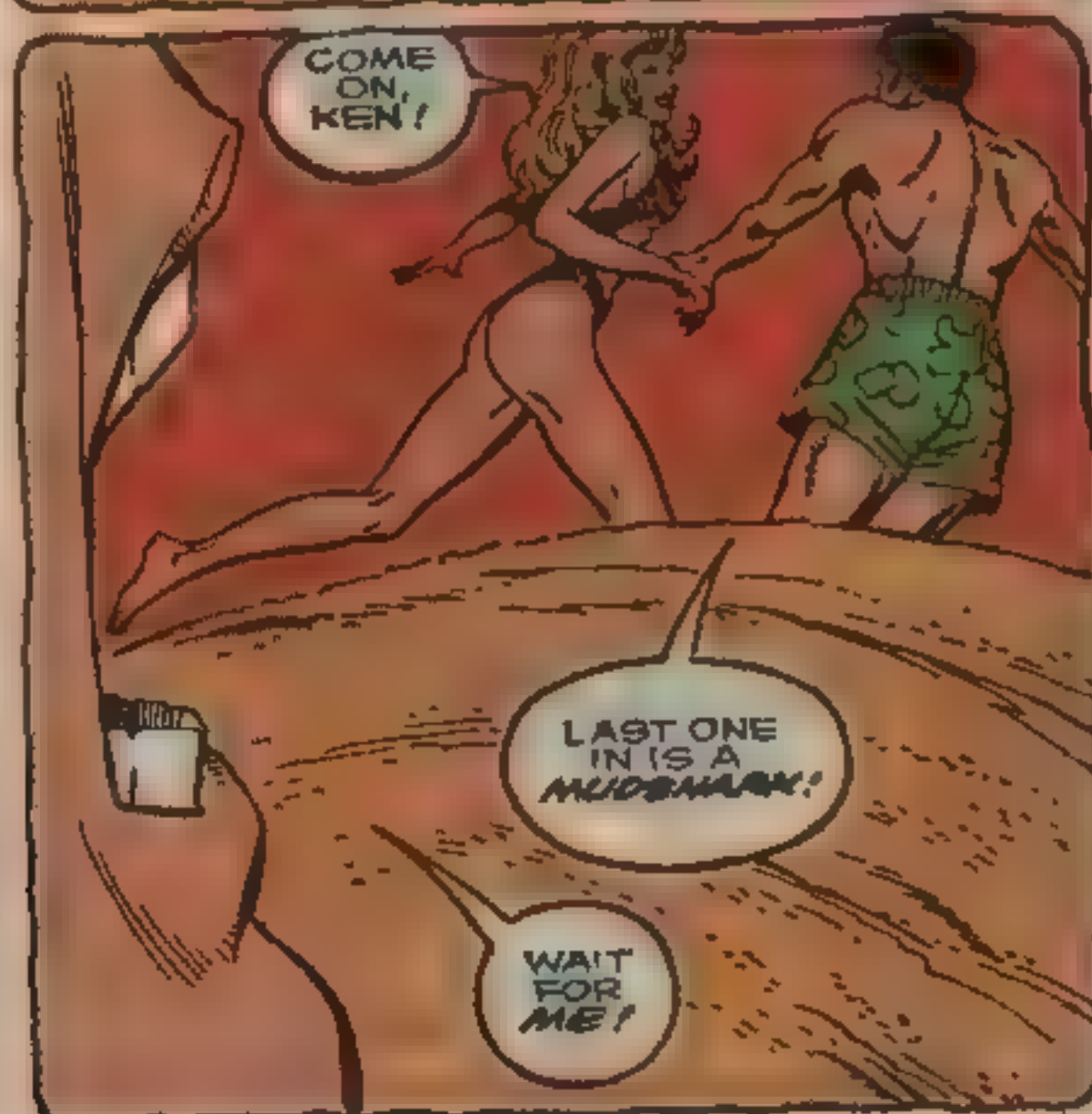
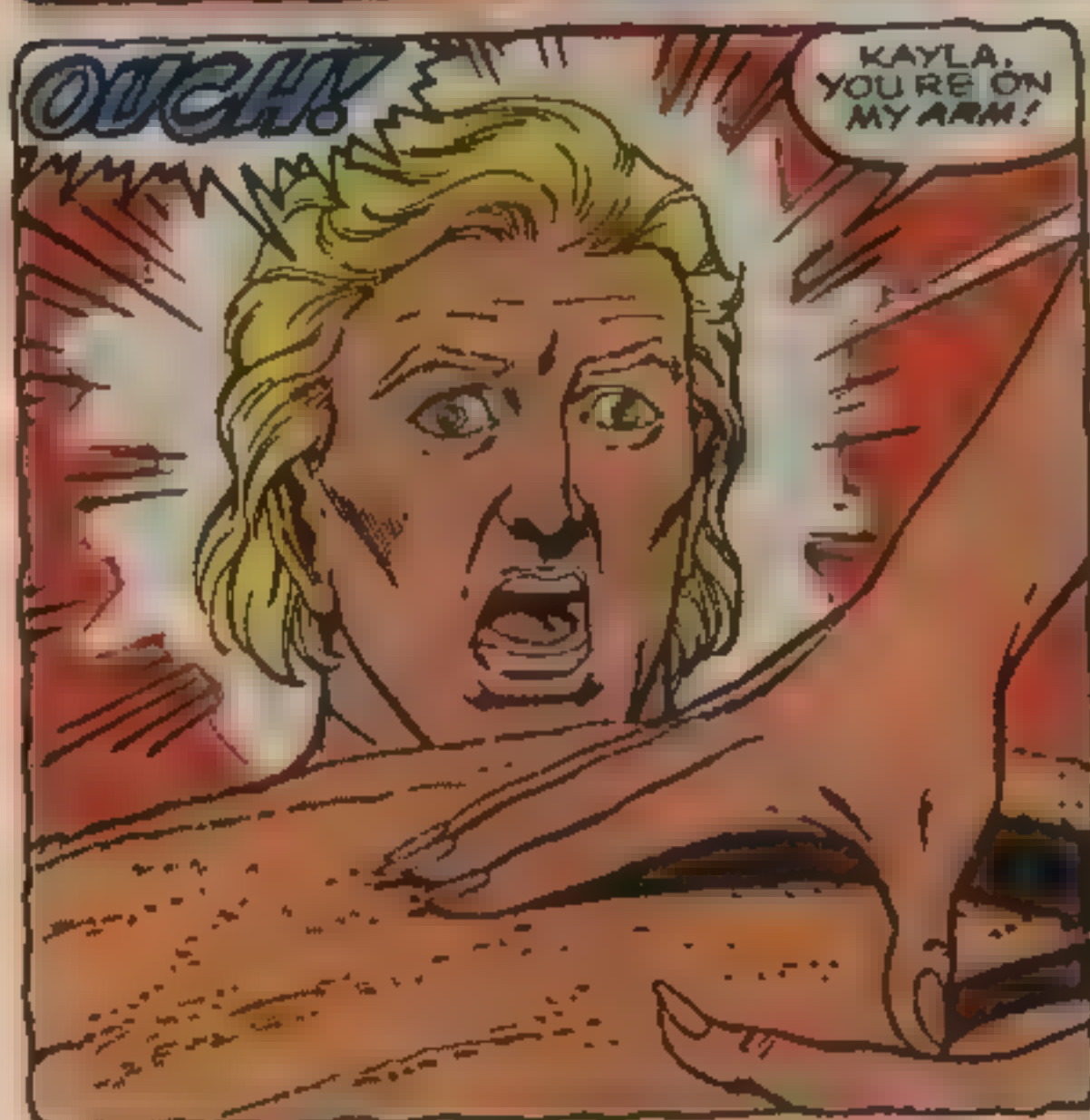
MMMM! MY COLLEAGUE, THE PROFESSIONAL SOLVER, WOULD APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT SOLEAMISH ABOUT BLOODSHED. GO FIGURE.

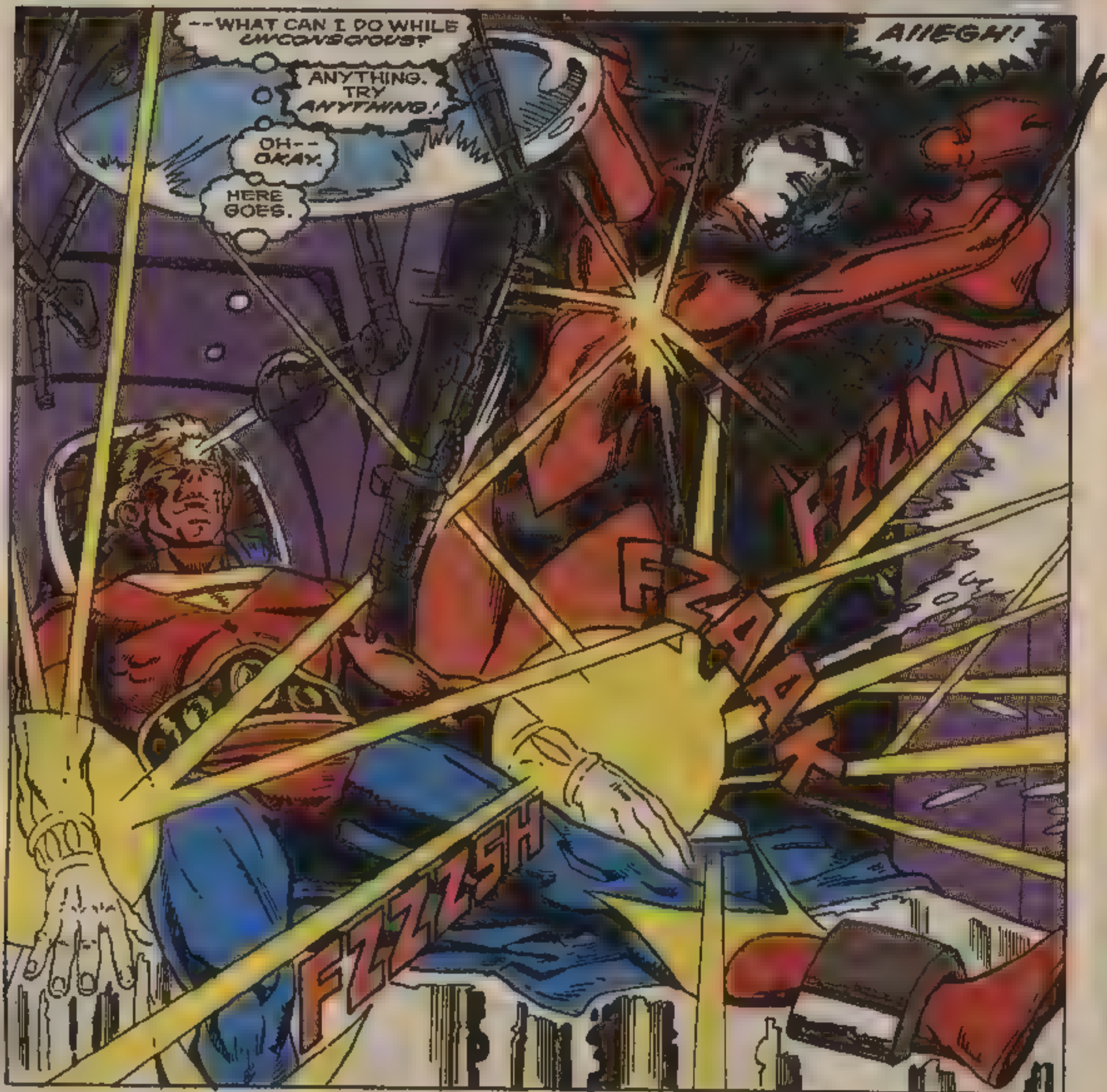
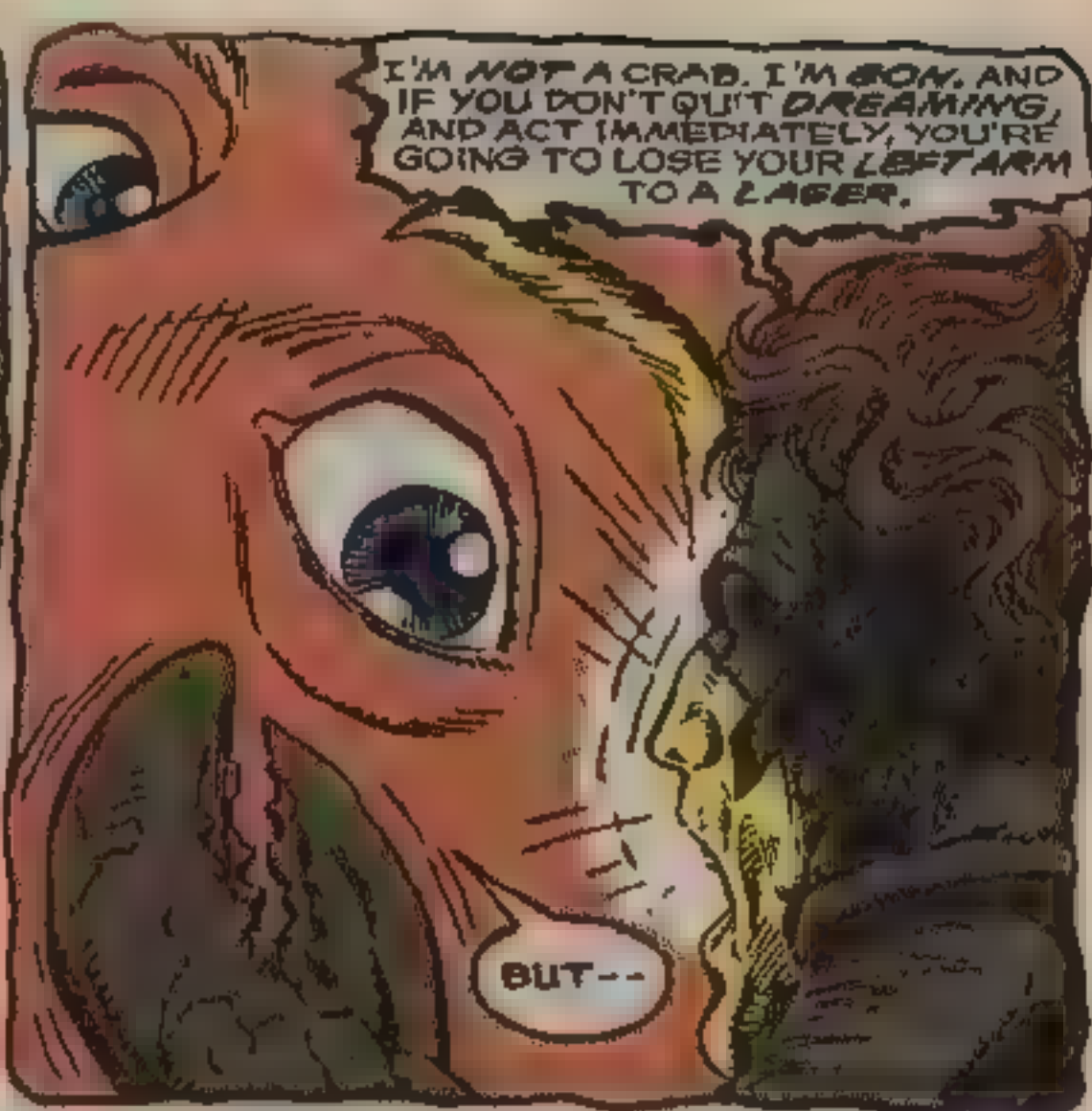
<WELL, EARTHER, I HATE TO HAVE TO DO THIS, BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.>

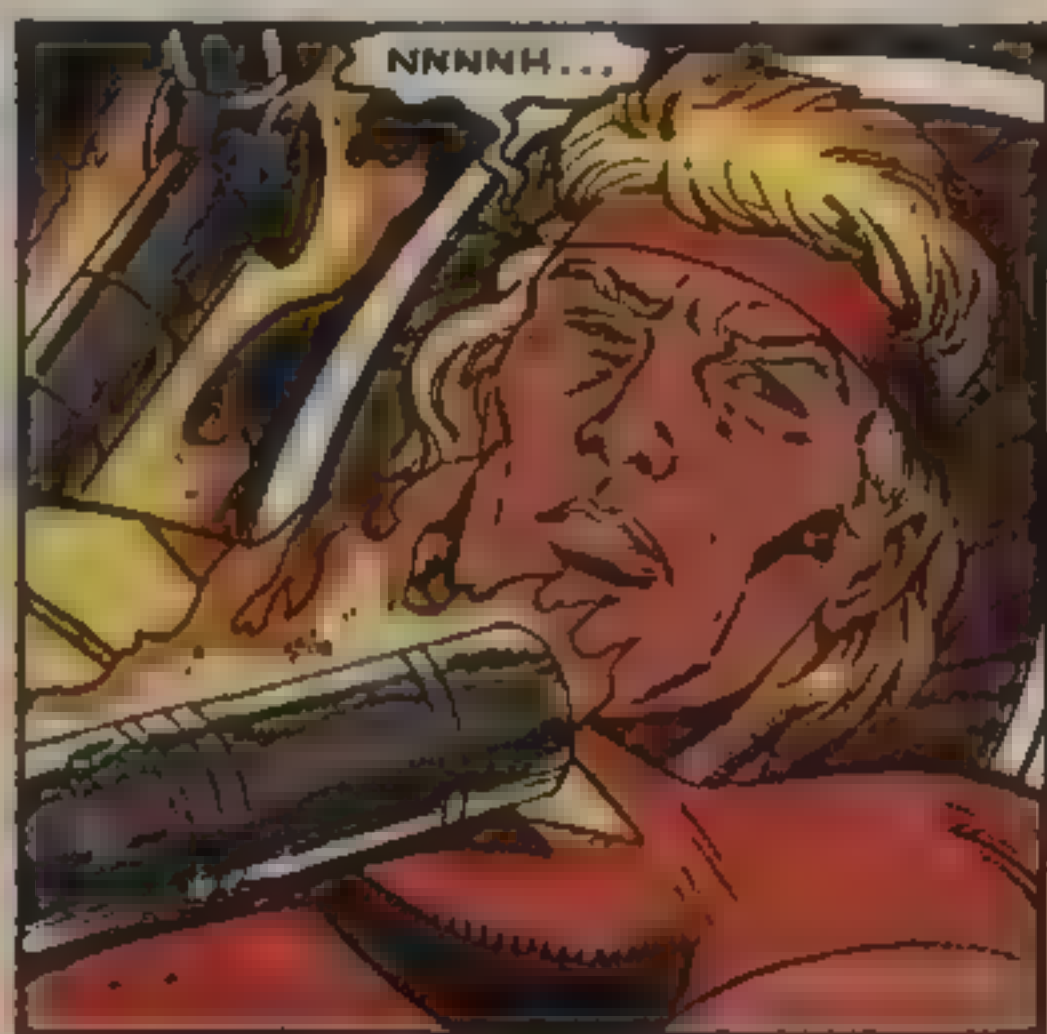
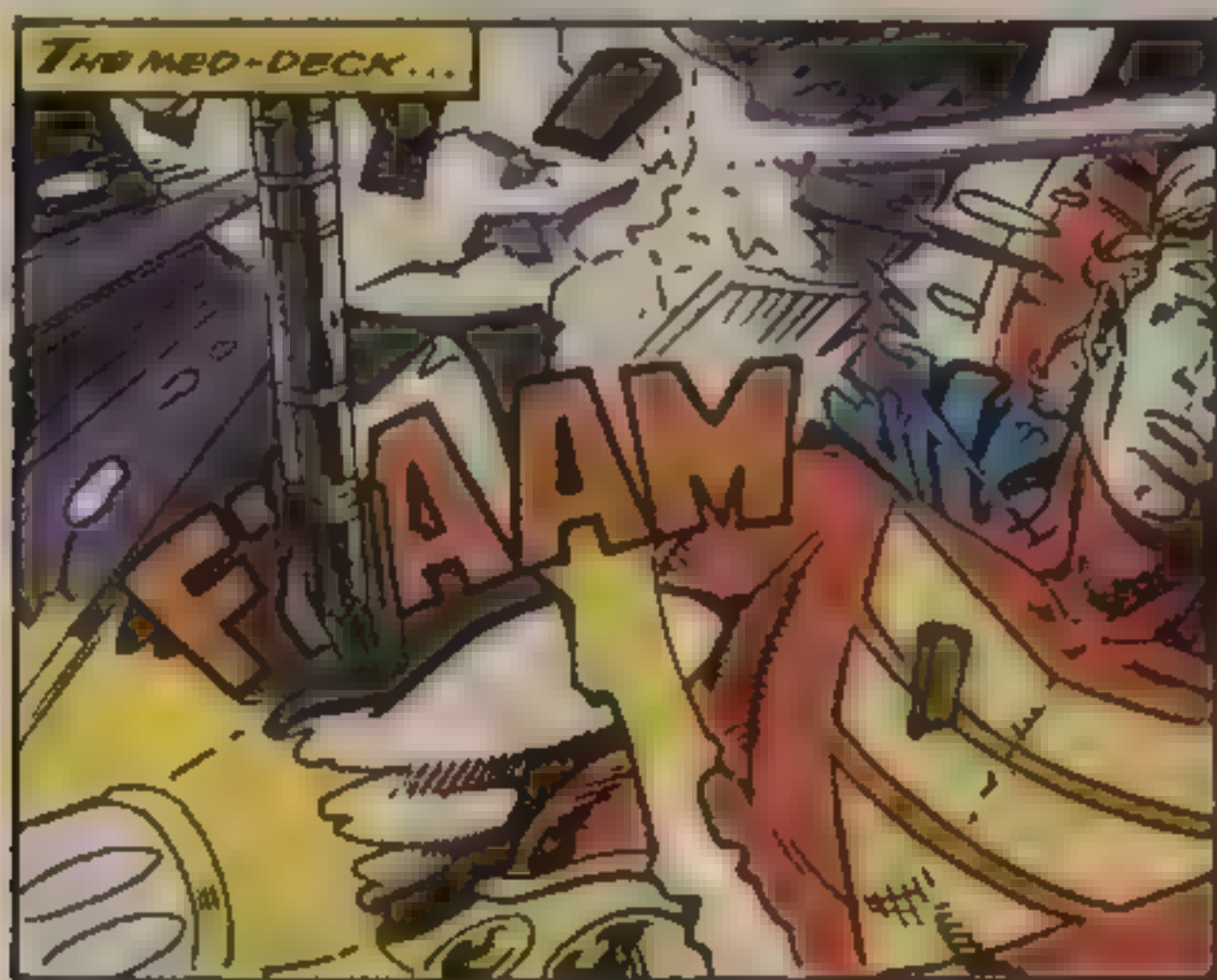


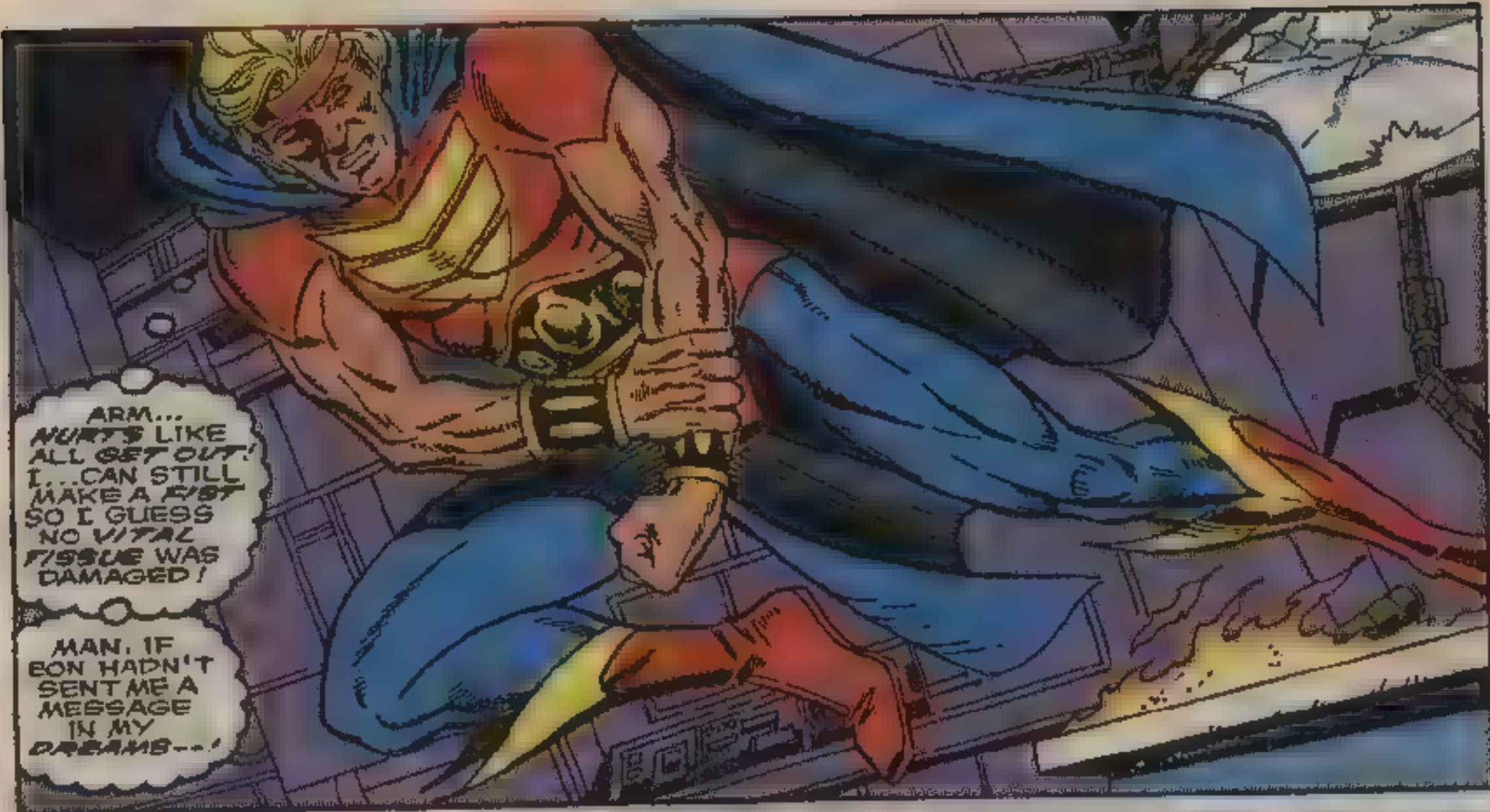
<DON'T WORRY, EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T PERFORMED A PROCEDURE LIKE THIS SINCE MIDDLE SCHOOL, I GUARANTEE YOU WON'T FEEL A THING...>





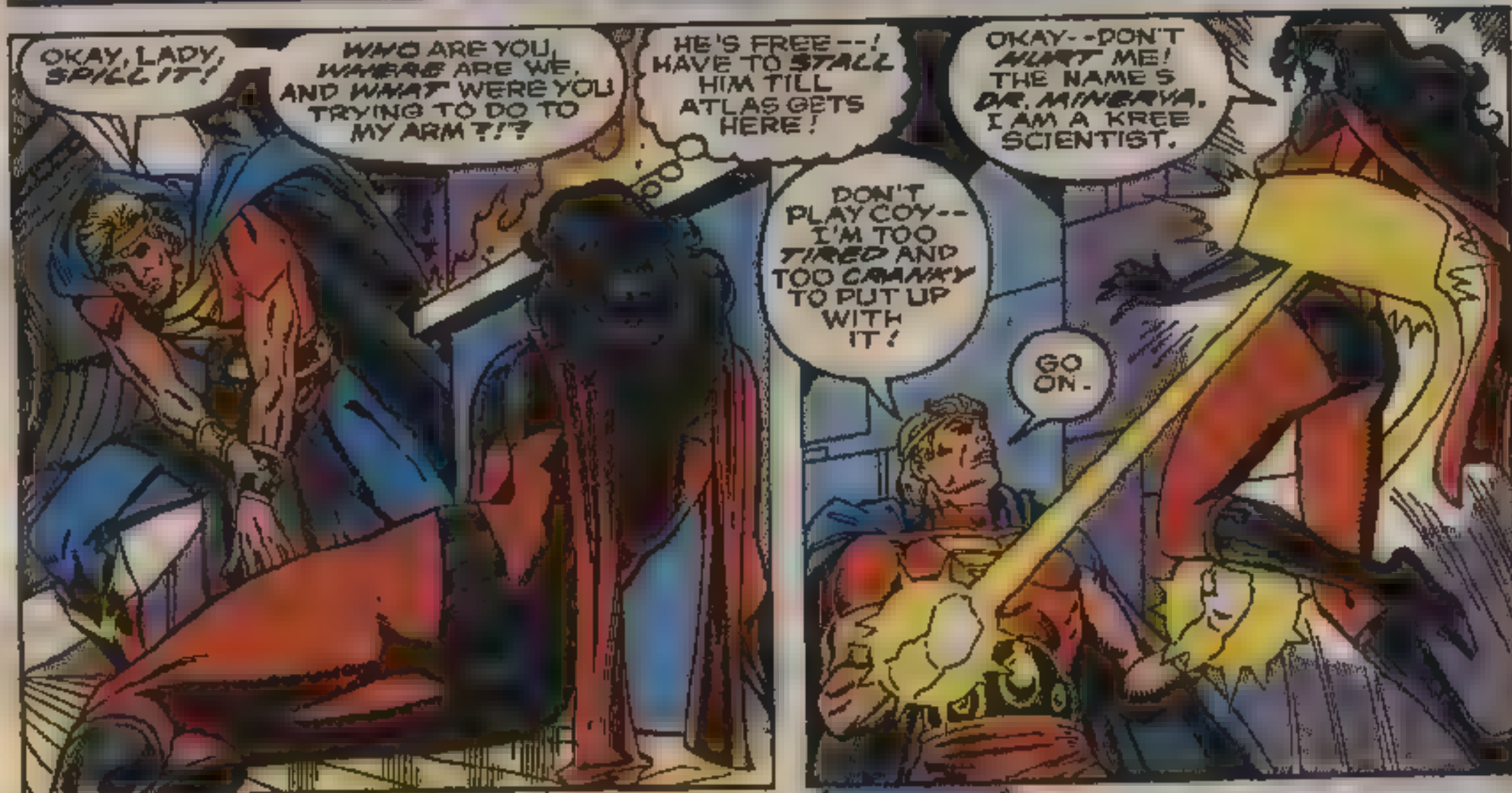






ARM...
HURTS LIKE
ALL GET OUT!
I...CAN STILL
MAKE A FIST
SO I GUESS
NO VITAL
FISSUE WAS
DAMAGED!

MAN, IF
EON HADN'T
SENT ME A
MESSAGE
IN MY
DREAMS---



OKAY, LADY,
SPILL IT!

WHO ARE YOU,
WHERE ARE WE,
AND WHAT WERE YOU
TRYING TO DO TO
MY ARM?!

HE'S FREE ---!
HAVE TO STALL
HIM TILL
ATLAS GETS
HERE!

OKAY--DON'T
HURT ME!
THE NAME'S
DR. MINERVA.
I AM A KREE
SCIENTIST.

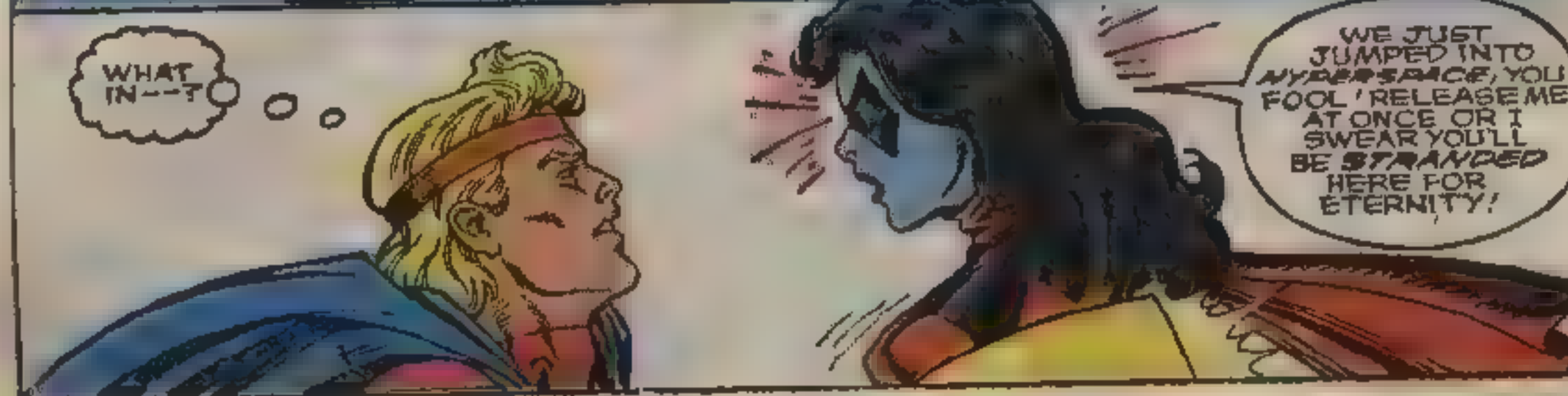
DON'T
PLAY COY--
I'M TOO
TIRED AND
TOO CRANKY
TO PUT UP
WITH IT!

GO
ON.



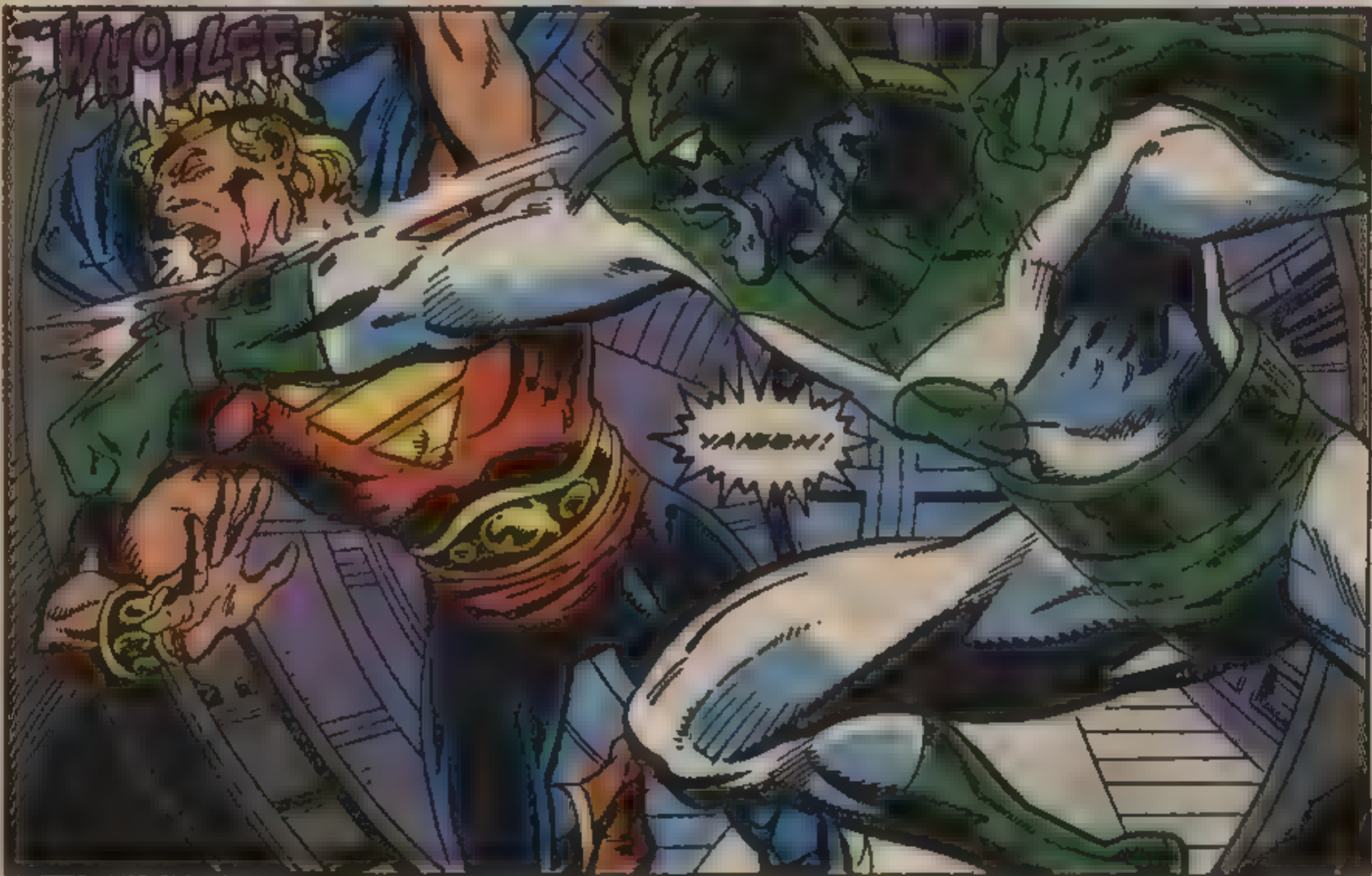
WHUN!!!

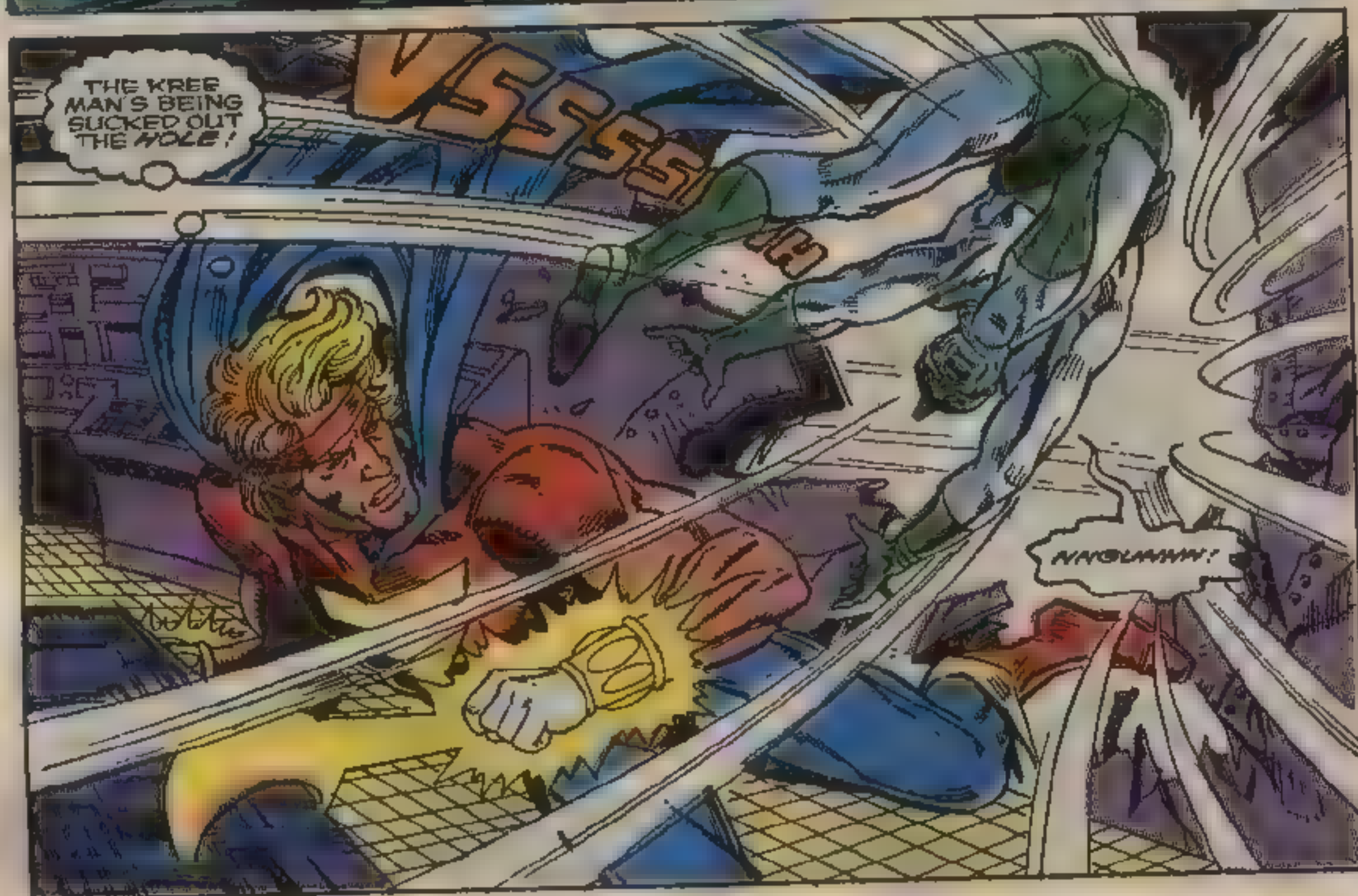
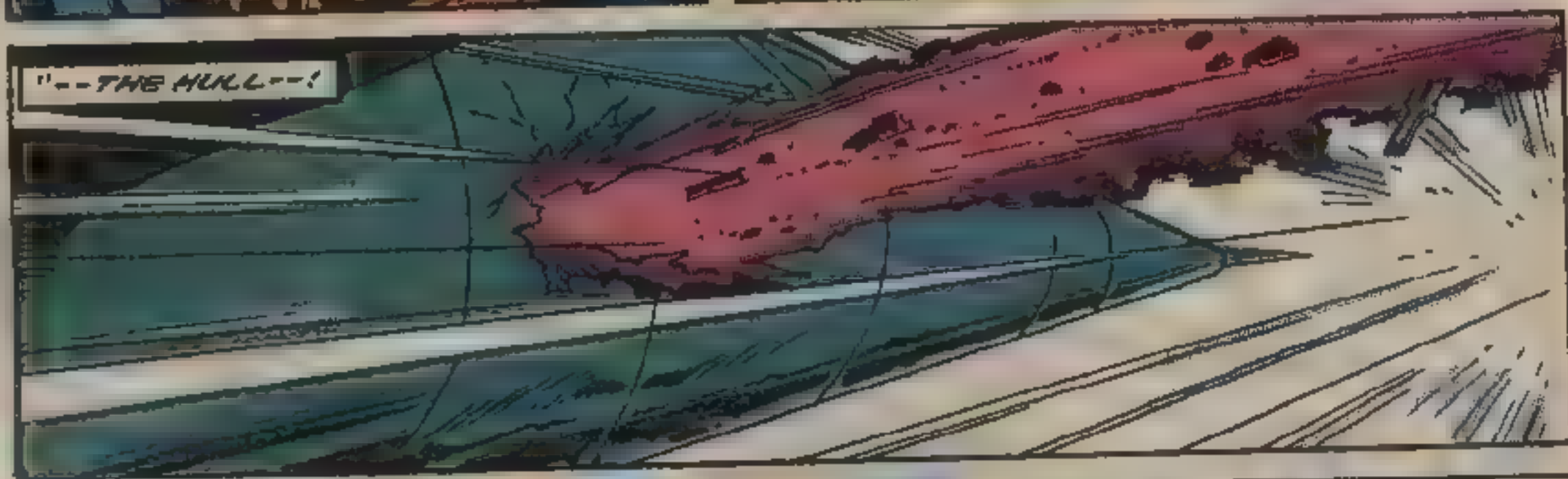
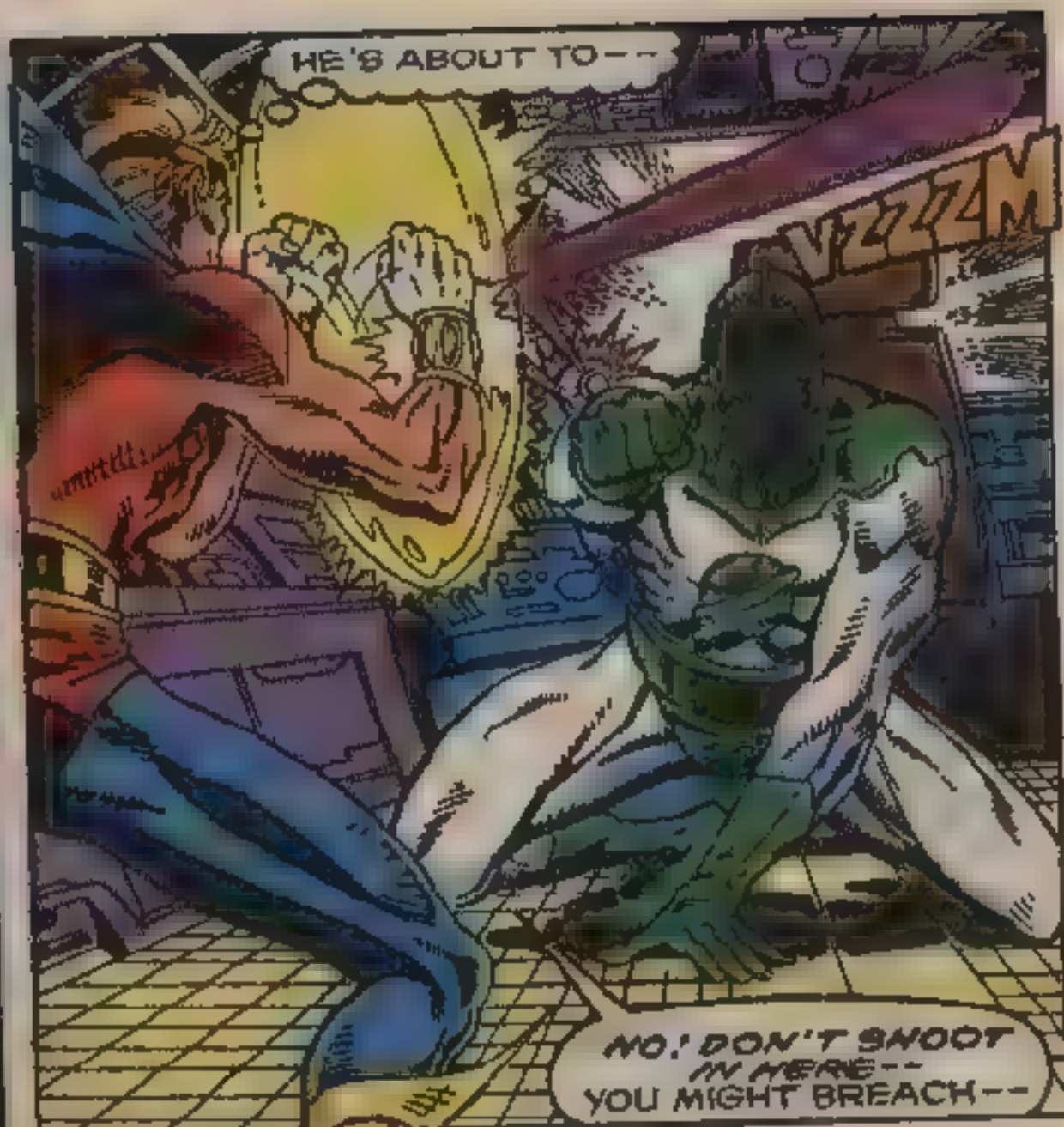
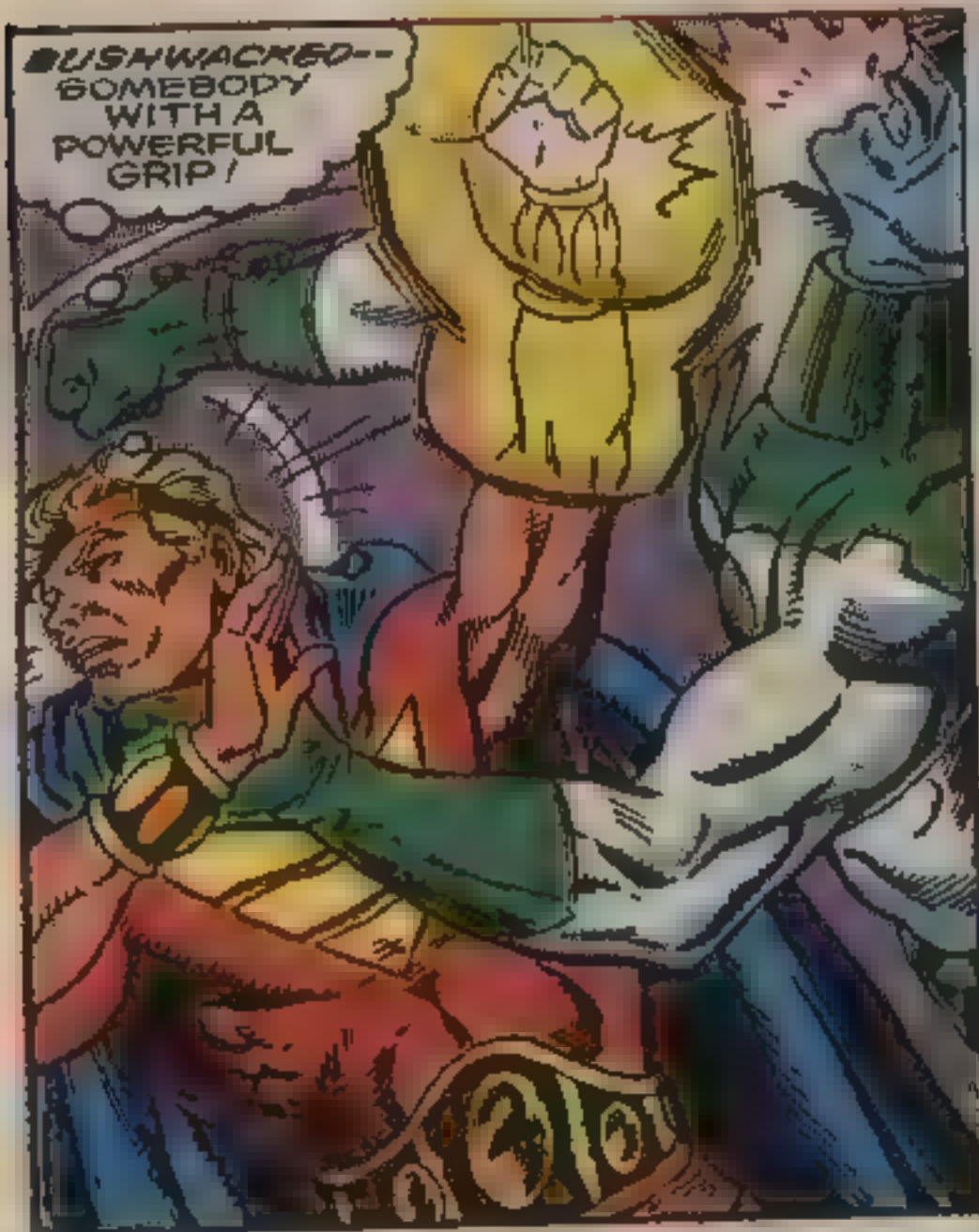
UNNNN!

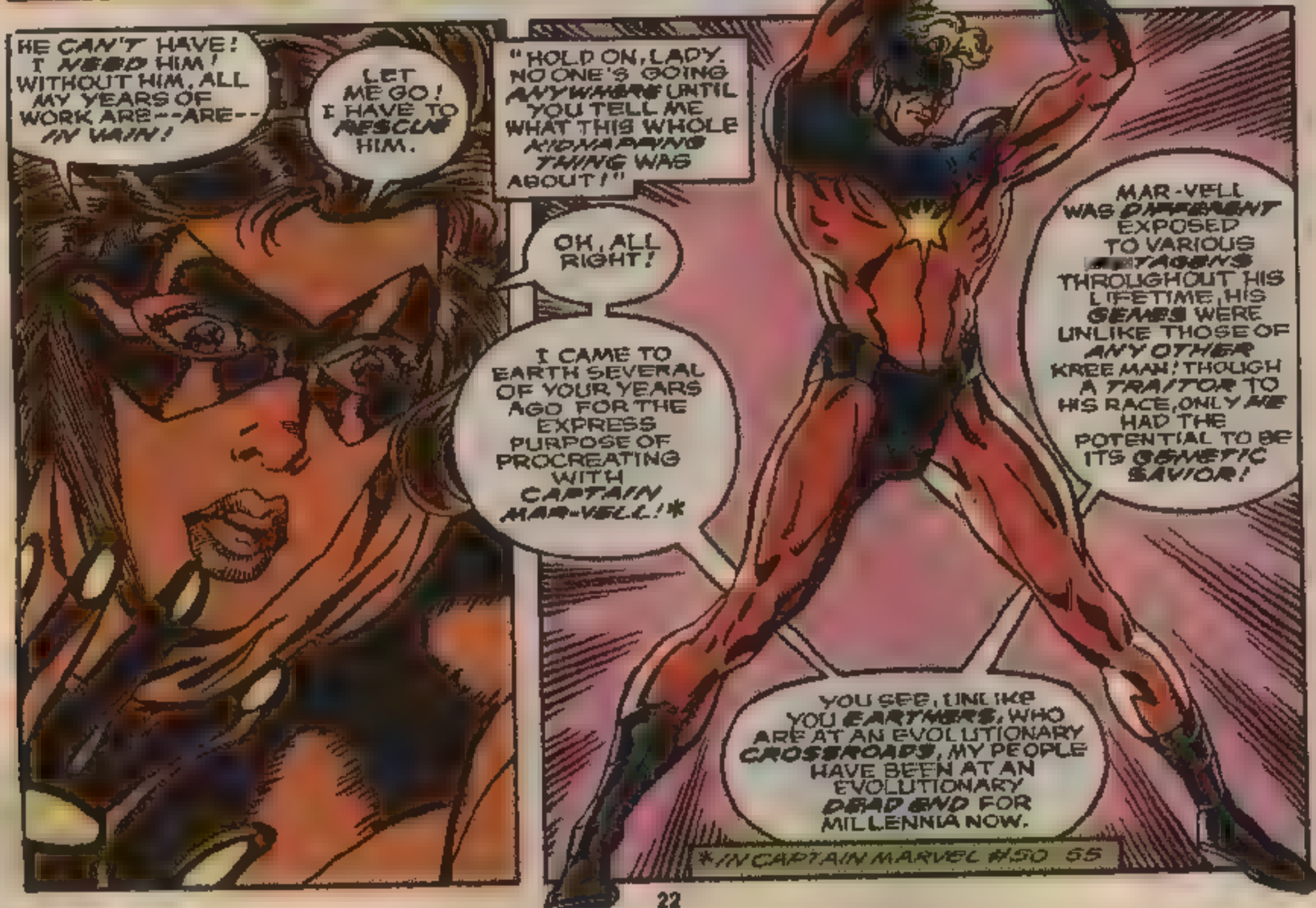
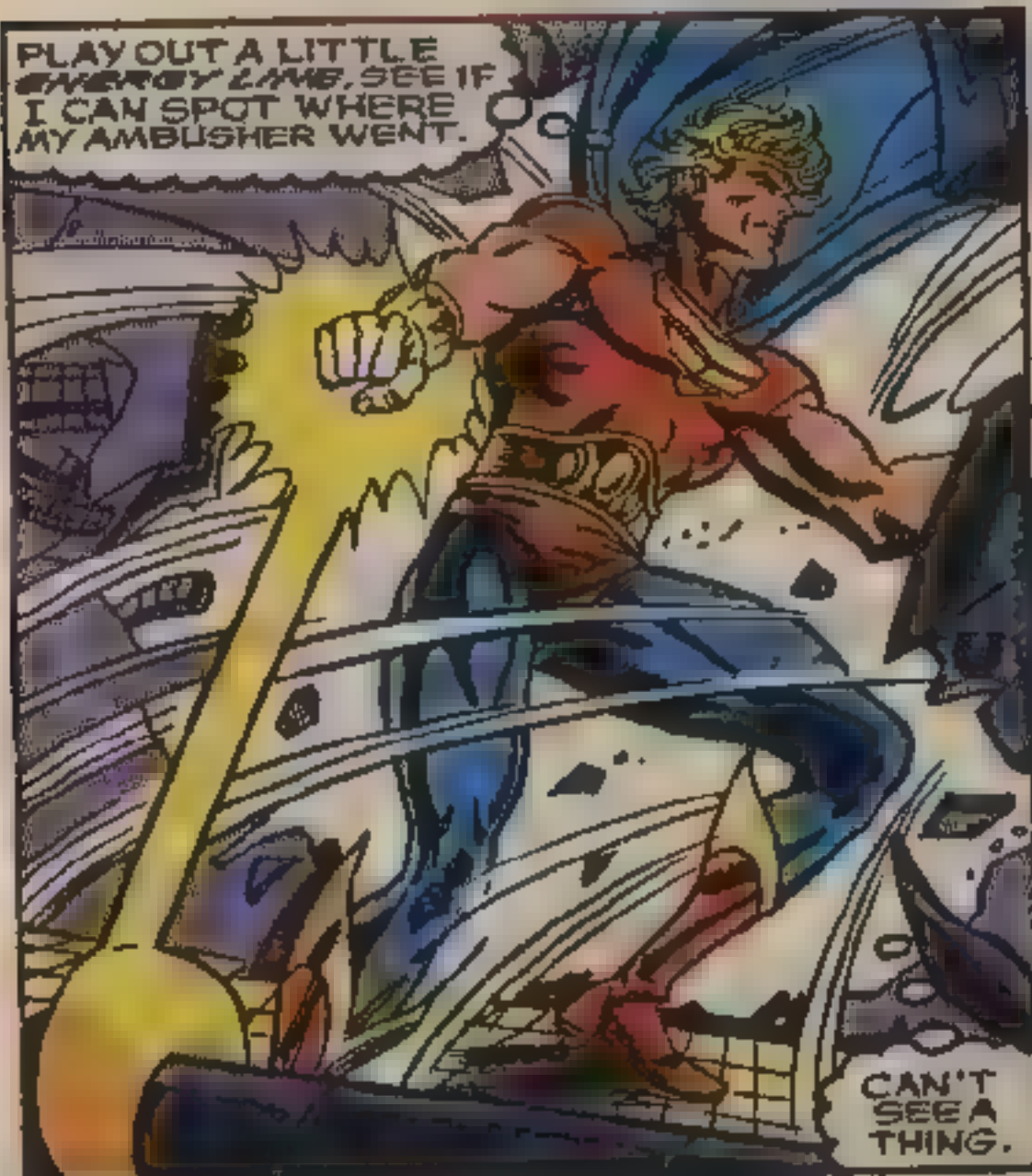


WHAT
IN---T

WE JUST
JUMPED INTO
HYPERSPACE, YOU
FOOL! RELEASE ME
AT ONCE OR I
SWEAR YOU'LL
BE STRANDED
HERE FOR
ETERNITY!





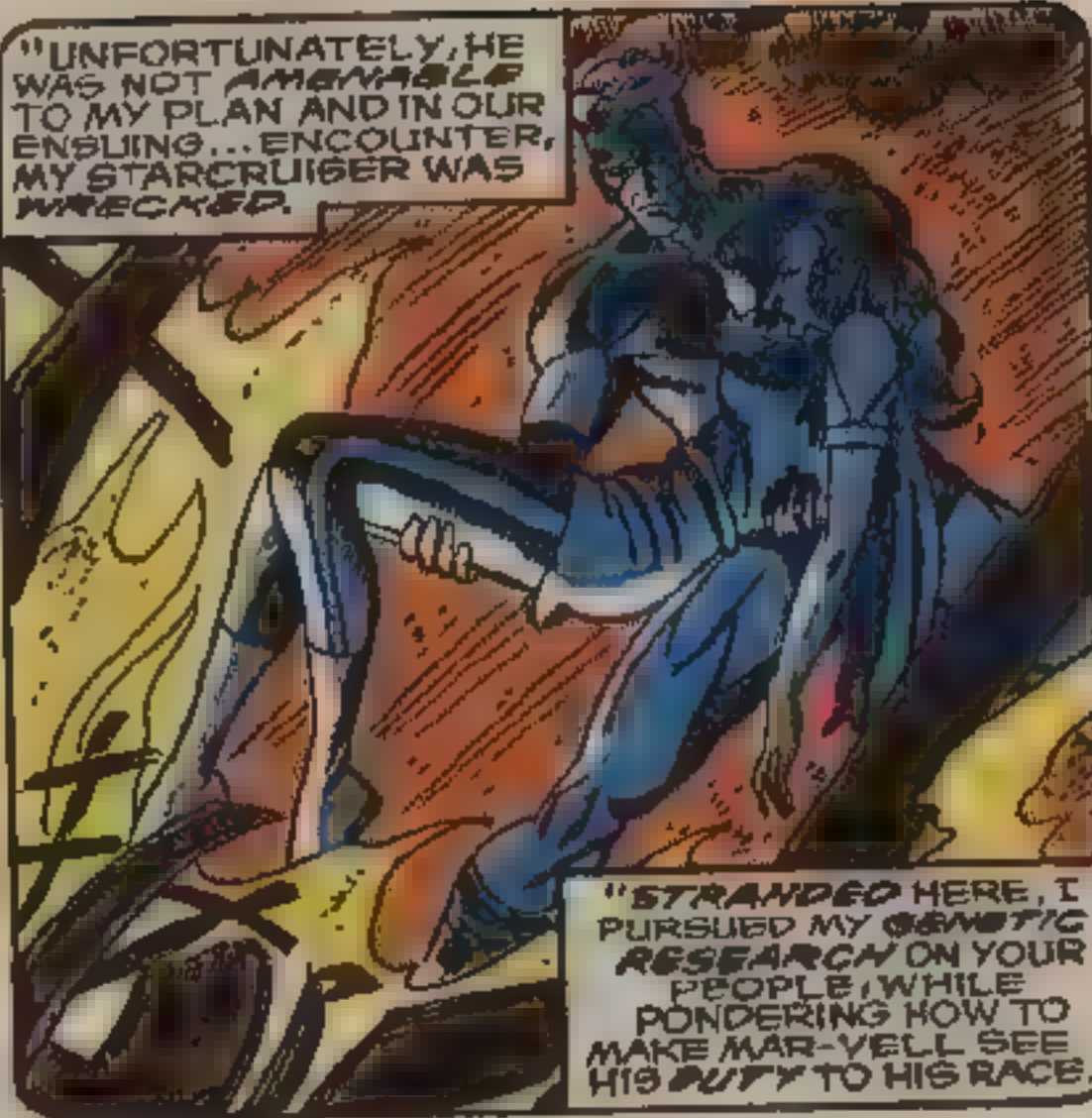


THIS IS FASCINATING. MAR-VELL WAS MY PREDECESSOR AS PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. YET I KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT HIM.



AN ANALYSIS OF MY OWN GENOTYPE REVEALED ME TO BE THE IDEAL MATE FOR HIM.

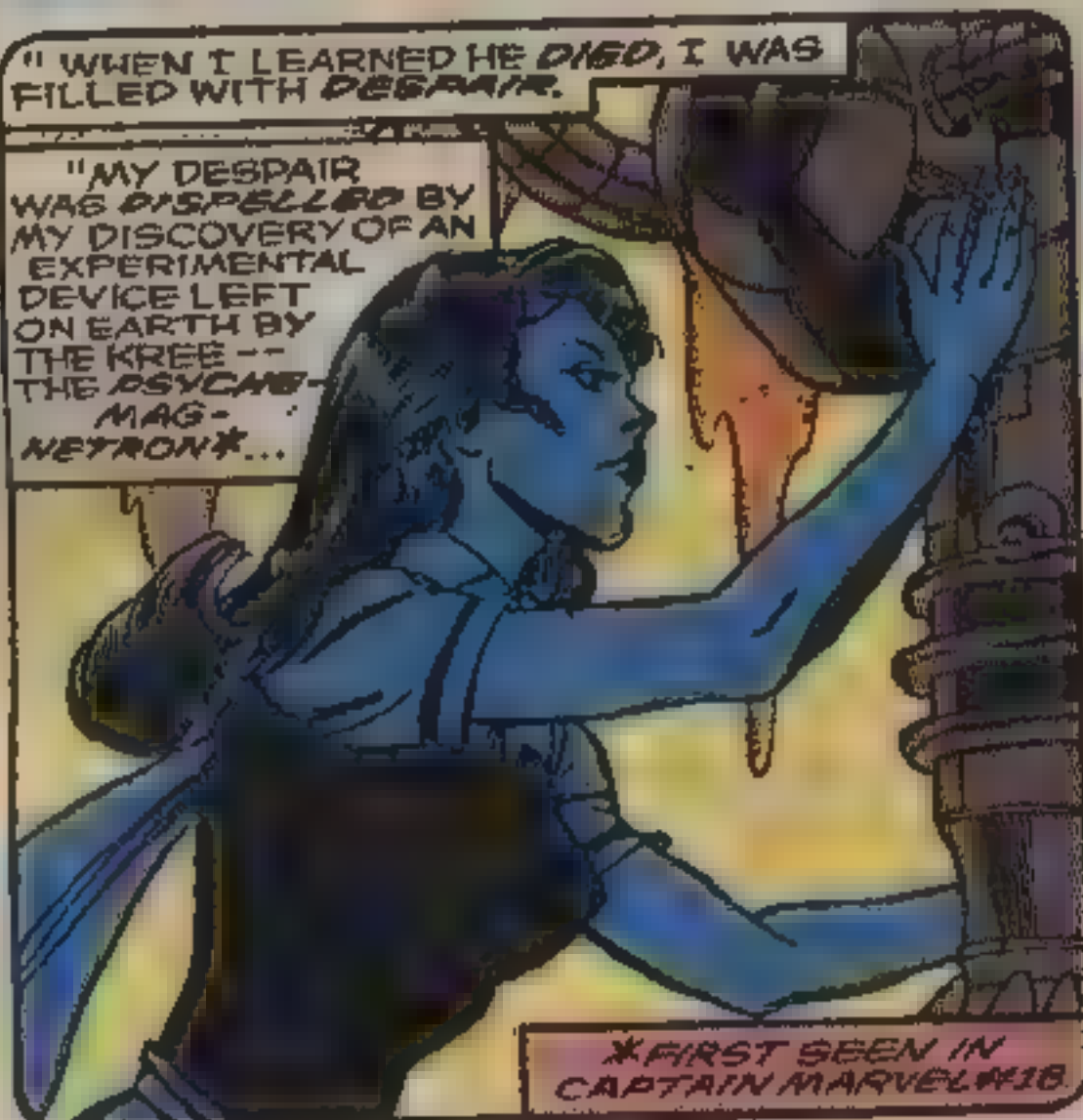
"UNFORTUNATELY, HE WAS NOT AMENABLE TO MY PLAN AND IN OUR ENSUING... ENCOUNTER, MY STARCRUISER WAS WRECKED.



"STRANDED HERE, I PURSUED MY GENETIC RESEARCH ON YOUR PEOPLE, WHILE PONDERING HOW TO MAKE MAR-VELL SEE HIS DUTY TO HIS RACE.

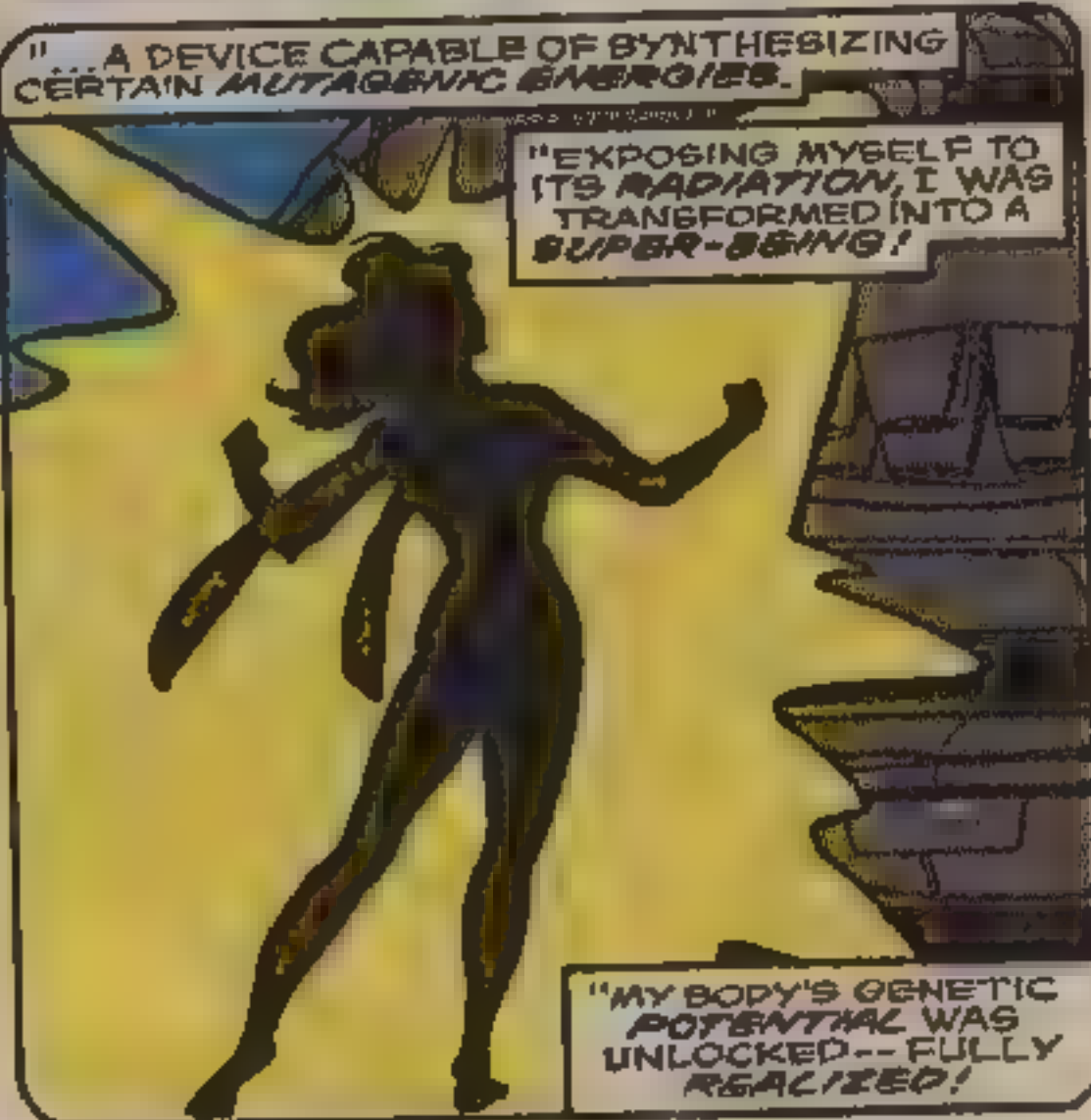
"WHEN I LEARNED HE DIED, I WAS FILLED WITH DESPAIR.

"MY DESPAIR WAS DISPELLED BY MY DISCOVERY OF AN EXPERIMENTAL DEVICE LEFT ON EARTH BY THE KREE -- THE PSYCHE-MAG-NETRON*...



*FIRST SEEN IN CAPTAIN MARVEL #18

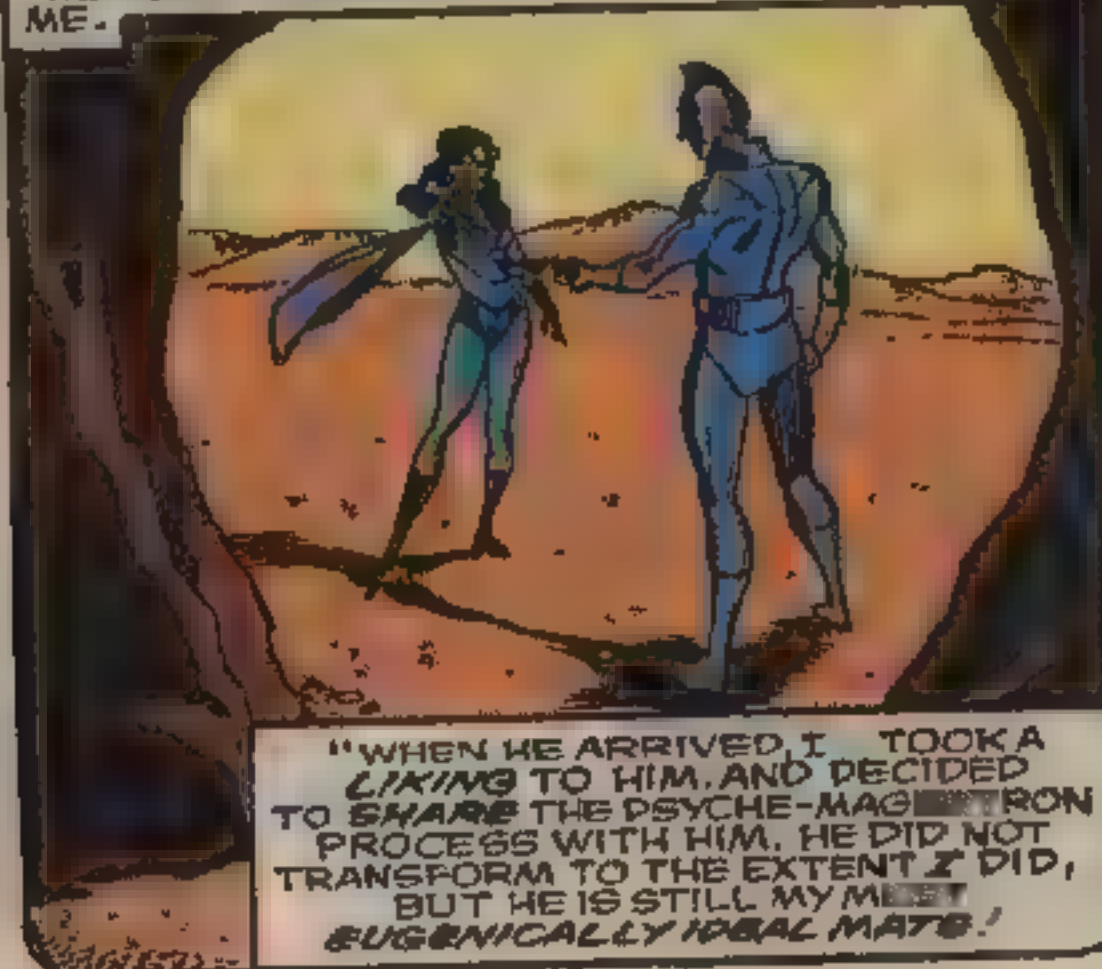
"A DEVICE CAPABLE OF BYNTHESIZING CERTAIN MUTAGENIC ENERGIES.



"EXPOSING MYSELF TO ITS RADIATION, I WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A SUPER-BEING!

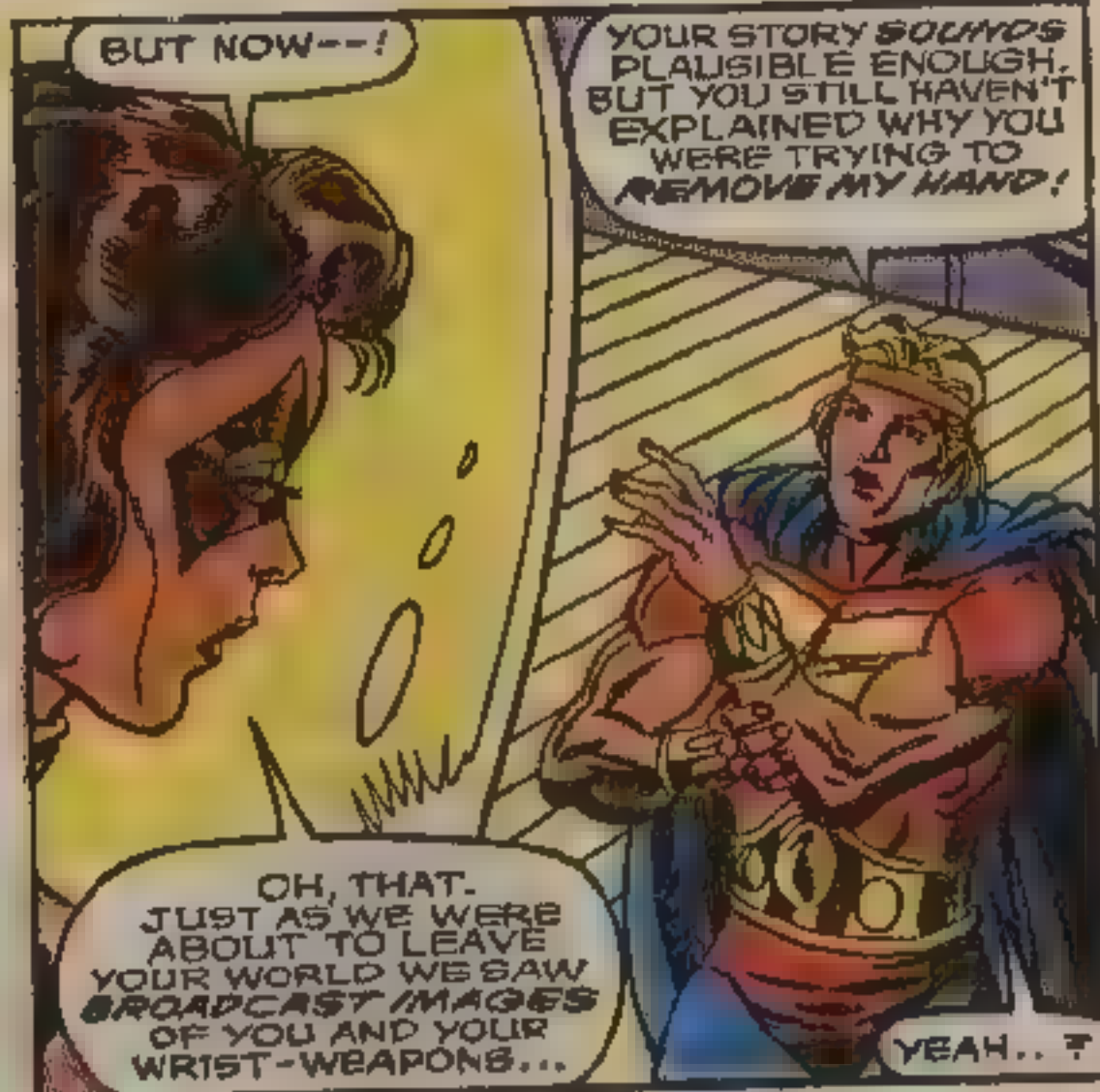
"MY BODY'S GENETIC POTENTIAL WAS UNLOCKED-- FULLY REALIZED!

'NOW I COULD BECOME THE SAVIOR OF OUR RACE THAT MAR-VELL REFUSED TO BE. I SIGNALLED THE EMPIRE AND THEY SENT CAPTAIN ATLAS TO RETRIEVE ME.



"WHEN HE ARRIVED, I TOOK A LIKING TO HIM, AND DECIDED TO SHARE THE PSYCHE-MAGNETRON PROCESS WITH HIM. HE DID NOT TRANSFORM TO THE EXTENT I DID, BUT HE IS STILL MY MEET EUGENICALLY IDEAL MATE!

BUT NOW--!



YOUR STORY SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH, BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED WHY YOU WERE TRYING TO REMOVE MY HAND!

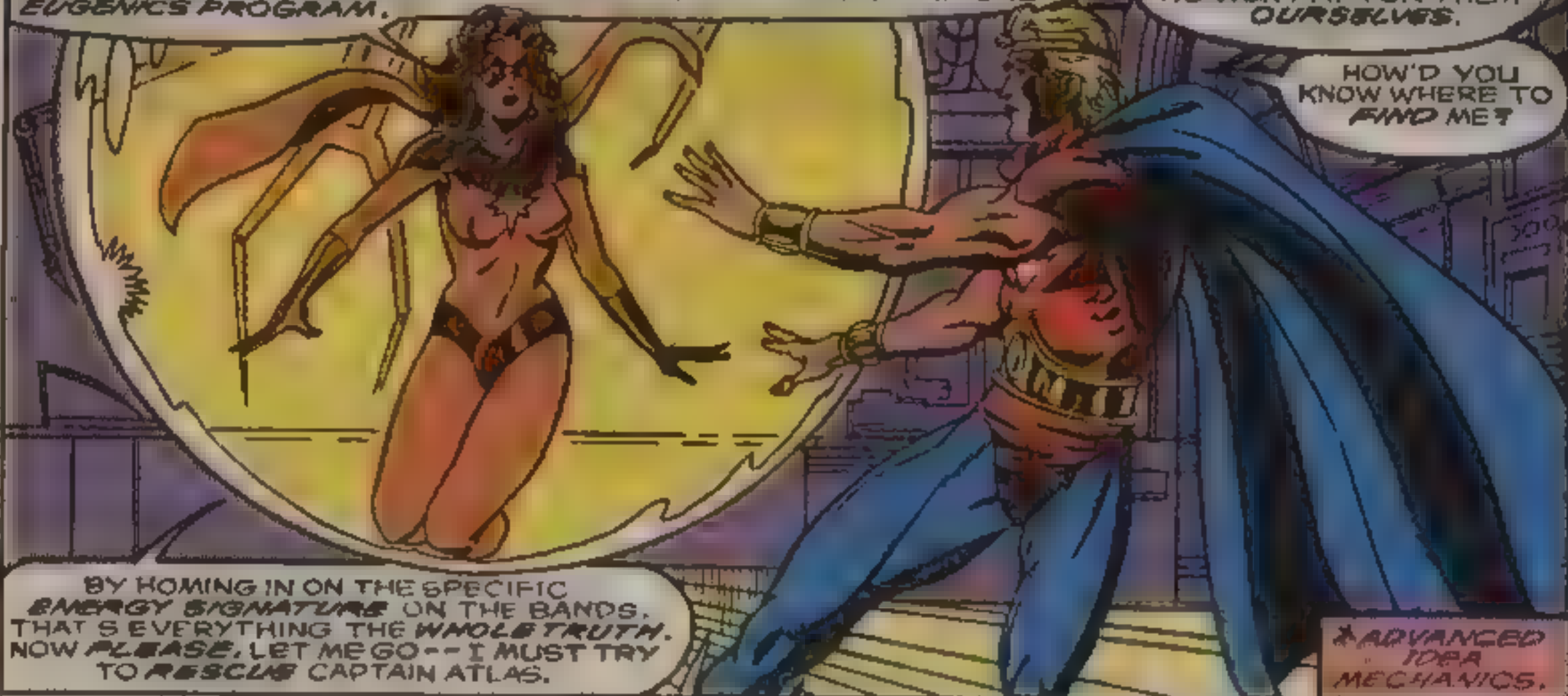
OH, THAT. JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE YOUR WORLD WE SAW BROADCAST IMAGES OF YOU AND YOUR WRIST-WEAPONS...

YEAH.. ?

ATLAS NOTED YOUR ENERGY-BANDS LOOK LIKE THE LEGENDARY POWER-BANDS OF RIVA. WE THOUGHT THAT RECOVERING THEM WOULD GREATLY ENHANCE POPULAR SUPPORT FOR MY RADICAL EUGENICS PROGRAM.

WHEN A.I.M. FAILED TO PROCLURE THEM FOR US, WE WENT AFTER THEM OURSELVES.

HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?

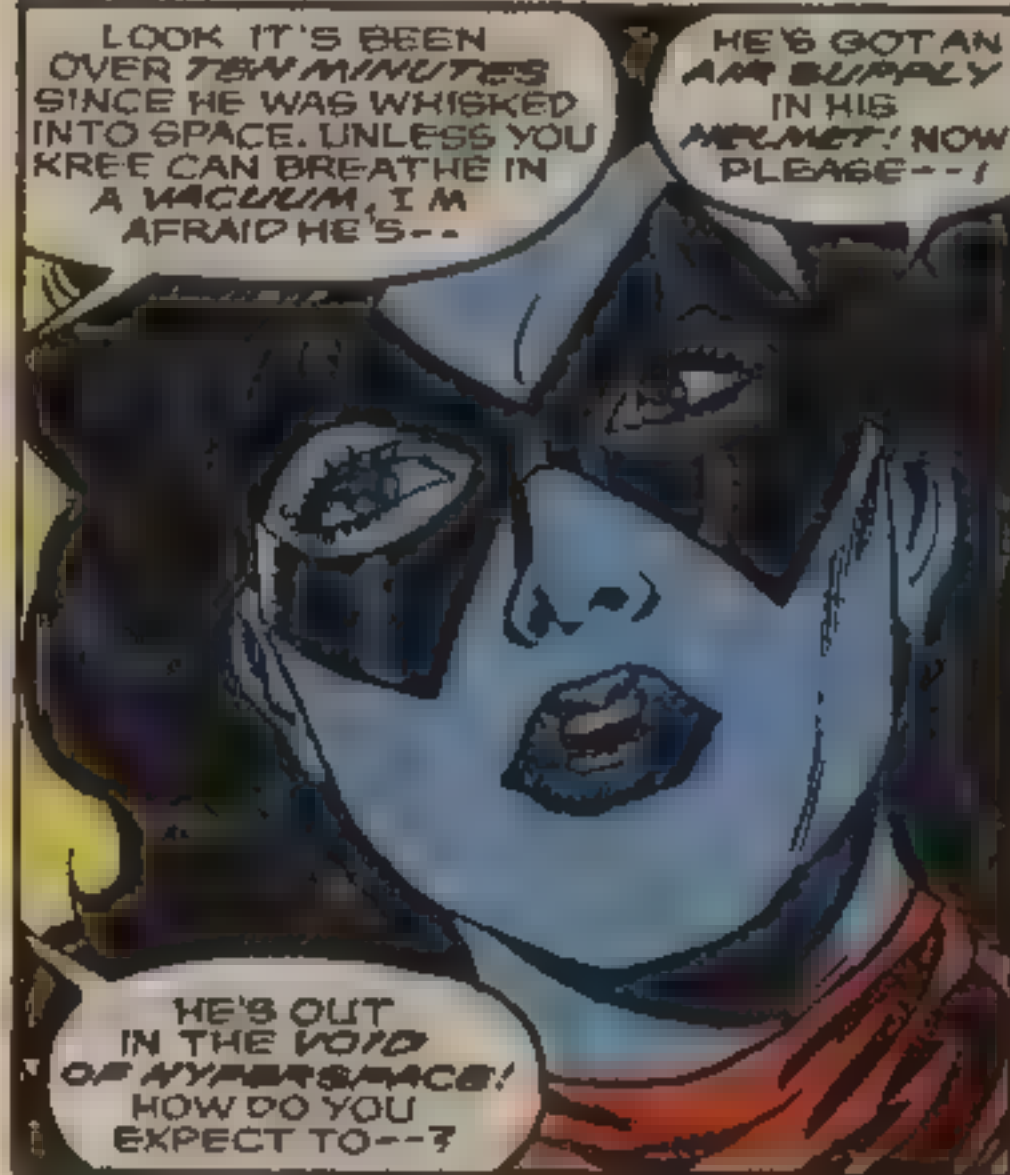


BY HOMING IN ON THE SPECIFIC ENERGY SIGNATURE ON THE BANDS, THAT'S EVERYTHING THE WHOLE TRUTH. NOW PLEASE, LET ME GO-- I MUST TRY TO RESCUE CAPTAIN ATLAS.

ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS.

LOOK IT'S BEEN OVER TEN MINUTES SINCE HE WAS WHISKED INTO SPACE. UNLESS YOU KREE CAN BREATHE IN A VACUUM, I'M AFRAID HE'S--

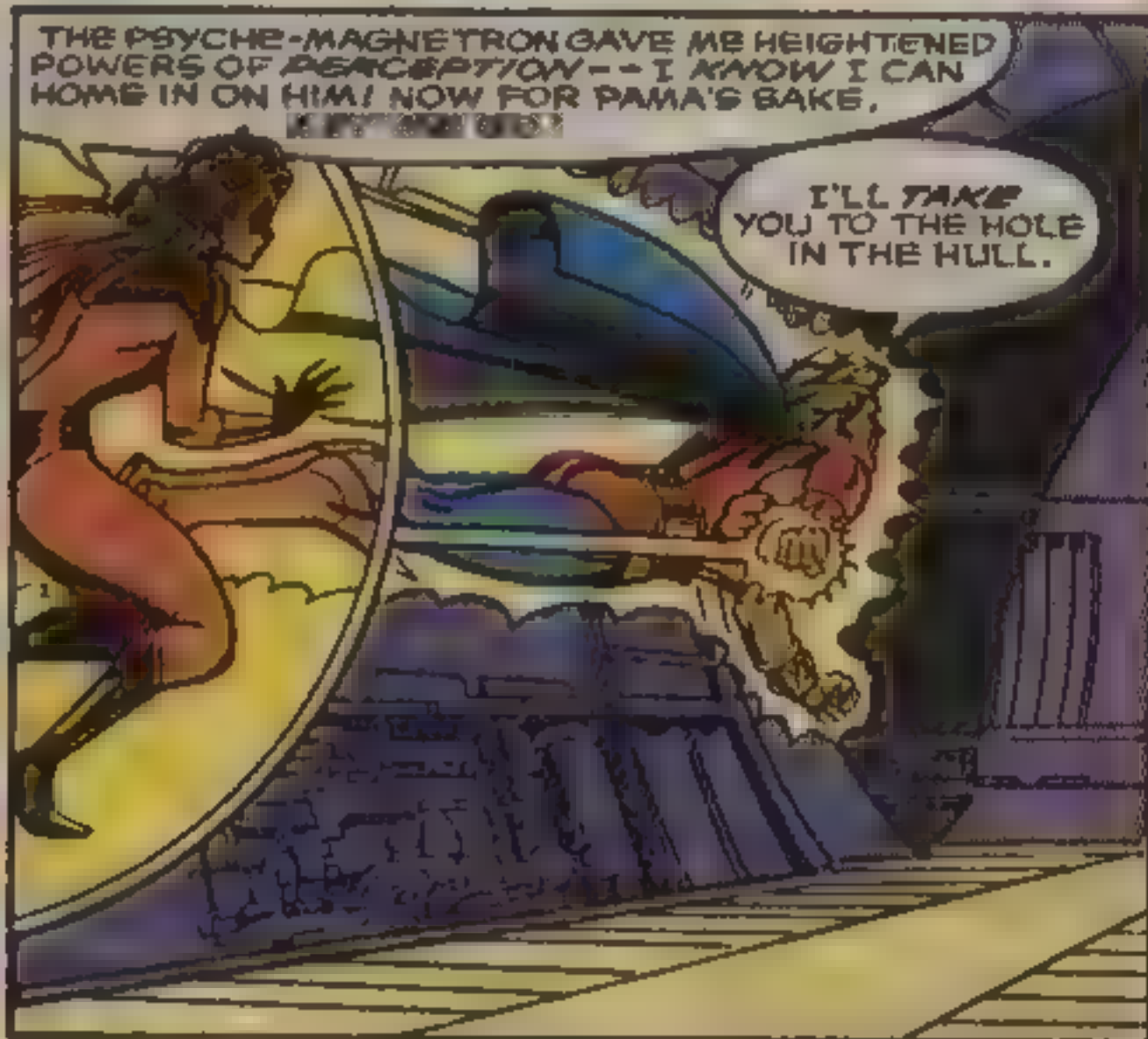
HE'S GOT AN AIR SUPPLY IN HIS HELMET! NOW PLEASE--!



HE'S OUT IN THE VOID OF HYPERSPACE! HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO--?

THE PSYCHE-MAGNETRON GAVE ME HEIGHTENED POWERS OF PERCEPTION-- I KNOW I CAN HOME IN ON HIM! NOW FOR PAMA'S SAKE, LET'S GO!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOLE IN THE HULL.



YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO GO OUT THERE, HUH? WELL, I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT EVEN IF YOU FIND HIM, YOU'RE GOING TO BE ABLE TO MAKE IT BACK TO THIS SHIP.

TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL GO OUT THERE WITH YOU IF YOU PROMISE TO NEVER SET FOOT ON EARTH AGAIN.

VERY WELL. I GIVE YOU MY WORD.



MOMENTS LATER...

AM I NUTS FOR DOING THIS, HELPING OUT TWO MEMBERS OF AN ALIEN RACE KNOWN TO BE HOSTILE TOWARD EARTH, WHO PERSONALLY JUST TRIED TO DO ME IN...?

I'M REASONABLY CERTAIN I DON'T NEED THEM TO GET OUT OF HYPERSPACE... AND NO MATTER WHERE I POPPED OUT, I'M SURE EOW COULD DIRECT ME BACK HOME.

MAYBE I JUST DON'T WANT TO LEAVE HER FRIEND TO DIE KNOWING I MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO SAVE HIM.

OR MAYBE I'M DOING IT BECAUSE I THINK IT'S WHAT CAPTAIN MAR-VELL WOULD HAVE DONE.

DON'T KNOW IF MINERVA WILL REALLY BE ABLE TO FIND HIM IN THIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE VOID...

... BUT AT LEAST THIS ENERGY-TETHER WILL PREVENT US FROM GETTING SEPARATED FROM THE SHIP.

WE HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, DOCTOR?

MMM... NO, WE NEED TO VEER RIGHT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.

NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TEST THE MAXIMUM LENGTH I CAN MAKE A ROPE OUT OF ENERGY... I HOPE, IF THERE'S A LIMIT, YOUR FRIEND IS WITH--

I SEE SOMETHING!

HMMP? WHERE?

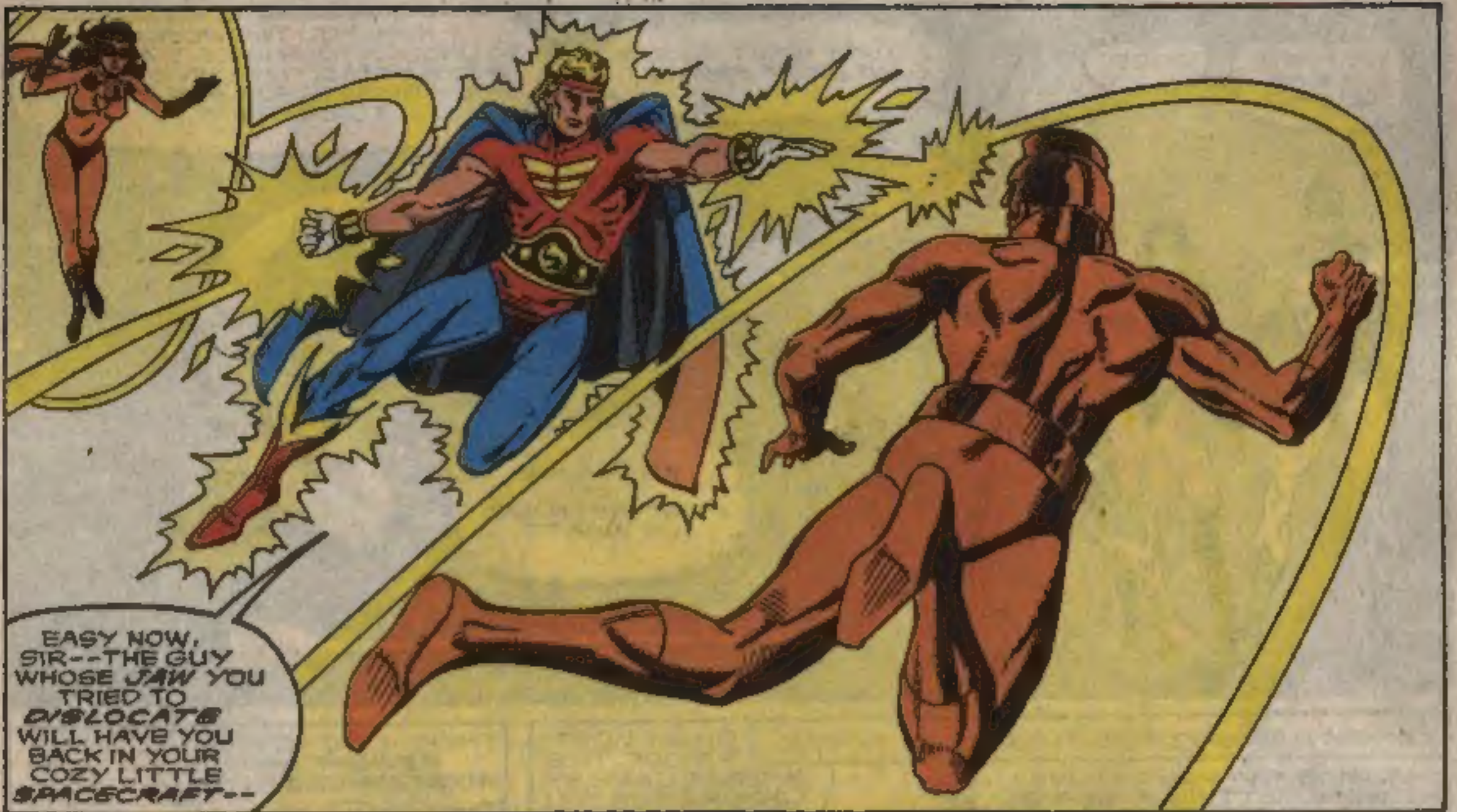
JUST AHEAD!
OH, YEAH!
IS IT--?

YES! IT'S CAPTAIN ATLAS!

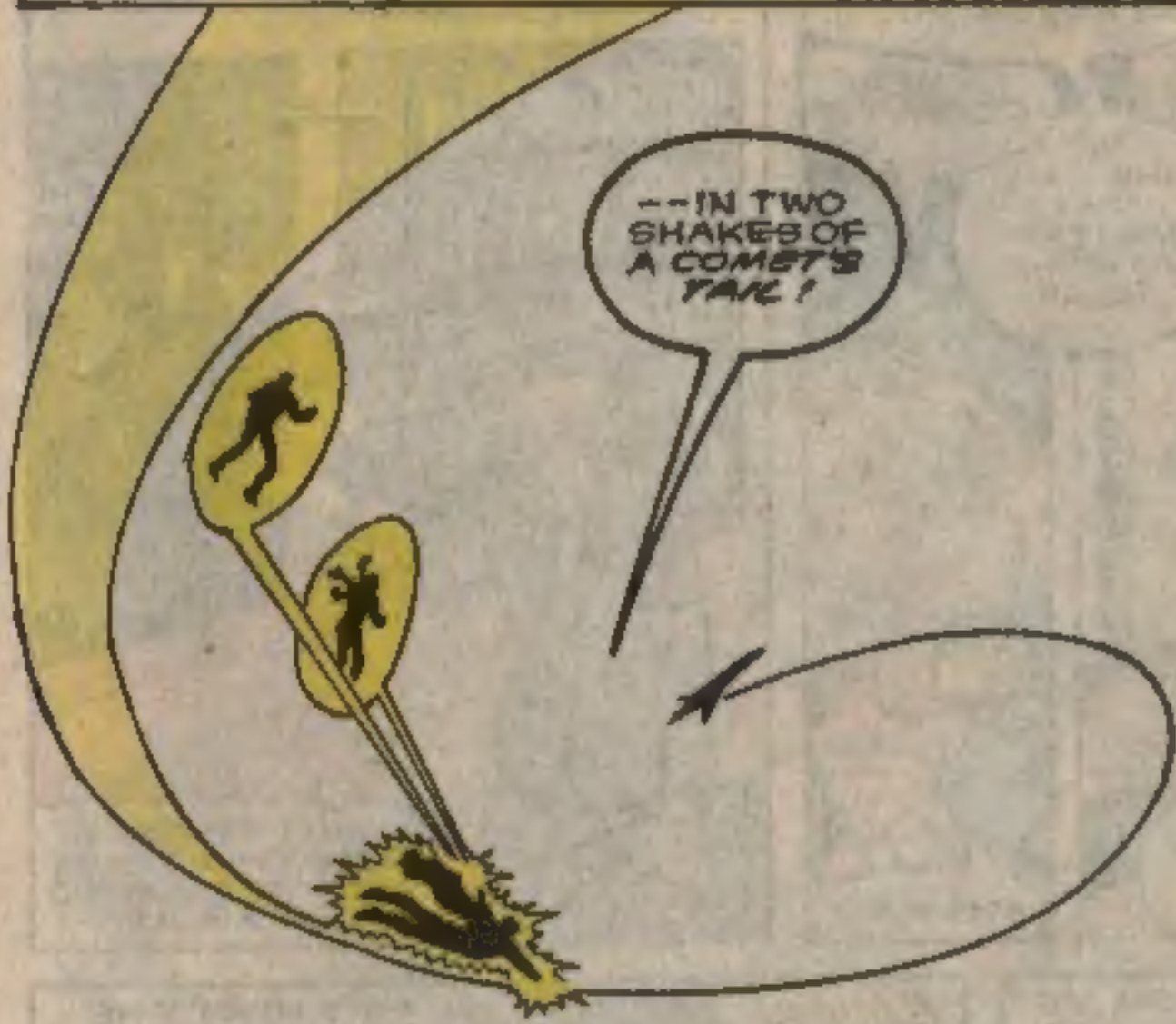
WE'VE FOUND HIM-- I THINK HE SEES US-- HE'S STILL ALIVE!



GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, LADY, CONSIDERING ALL THE DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS HE COULD HAVE FLOWN OUT OF THE SHIP, YOUR EXTRABODY POWERS ARE PRETTY PHENOMENAL!



EASY NOW, SIR--THE GUY WHOSE JAW YOU TRIED TO DISLOCATE WILL HAVE YOU BACK IN YOUR COZY LITTLE SPACECRAFT--



--IN TWO SHAKES OF A COMET'S TAIL!



AND...

<CAPTAIN, ARE YOU-->

<I AM FINE.>

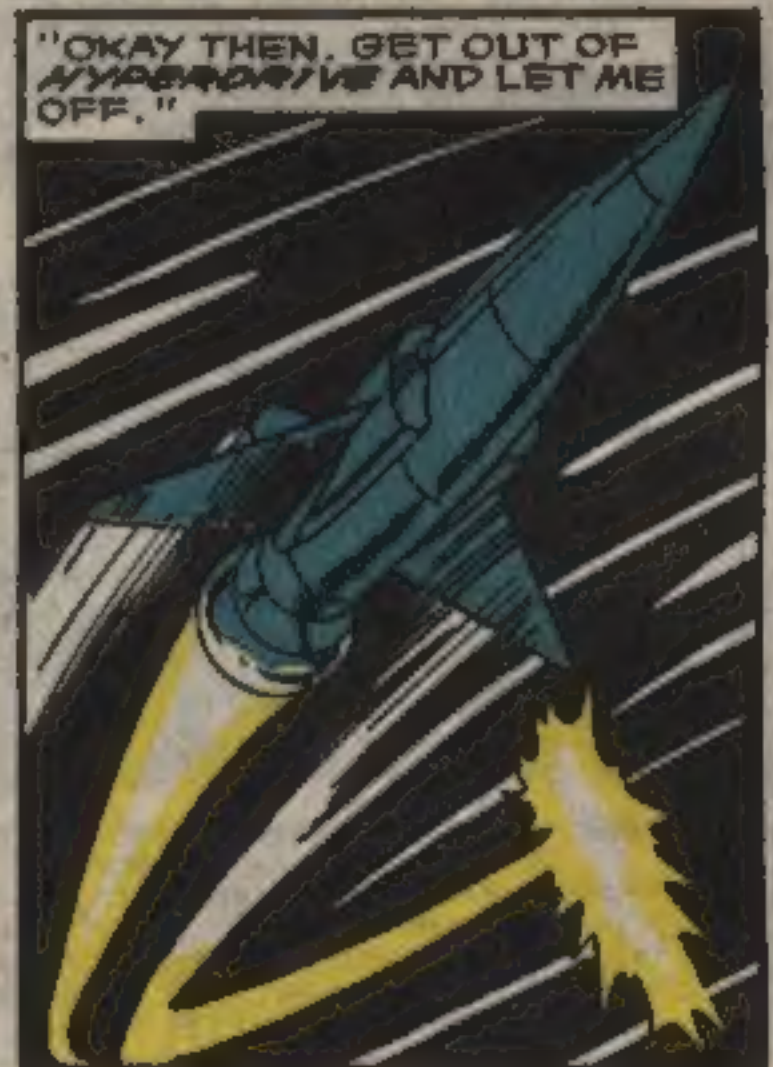
HERE'S THE SCOOP, YOU TWO. THESE TWO QUANTUM-BANDS GIVE ME MORE POWER THAN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH. YOU DON'T WANT TO GET ME ANY ANGER THAN YOU ALREADY HAVE.

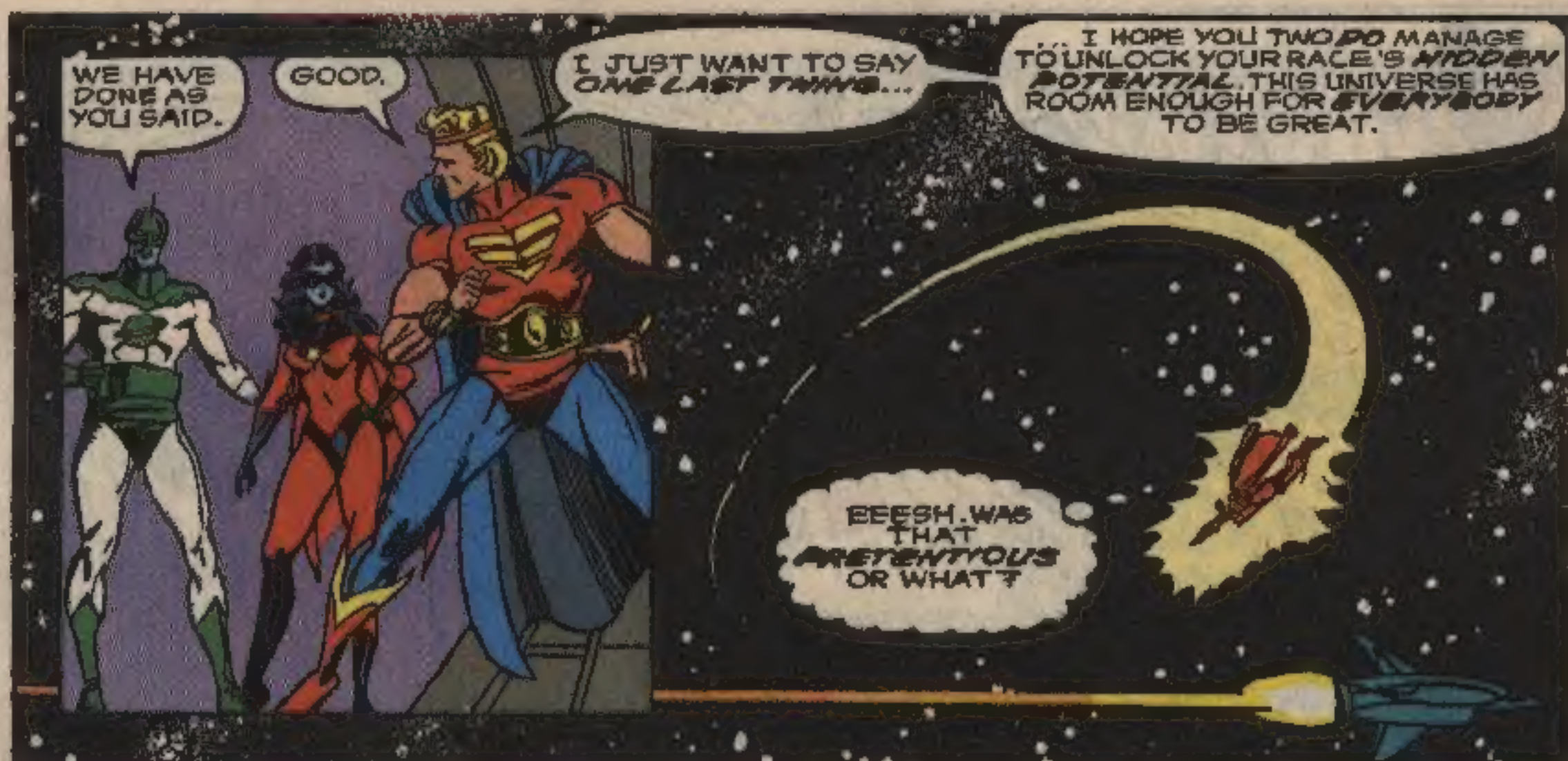
GO BACK TO YOUR EMPIRE, MATE, SET UP A NURSERY-- I DON'T CARE, BUT JUST DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU IN THE VICINITY OF EARTH-- EVER AGAIN--

--OR YOU'RE GOING TO WISH I'D DITCHED YOU BOTH IN HYPERSPACE. AM I MAKING MYSELF UNDERSTOOD?

YES.

"OKAY THEN. GET OUT OF HYPERSPACE AND LET ME OFF."





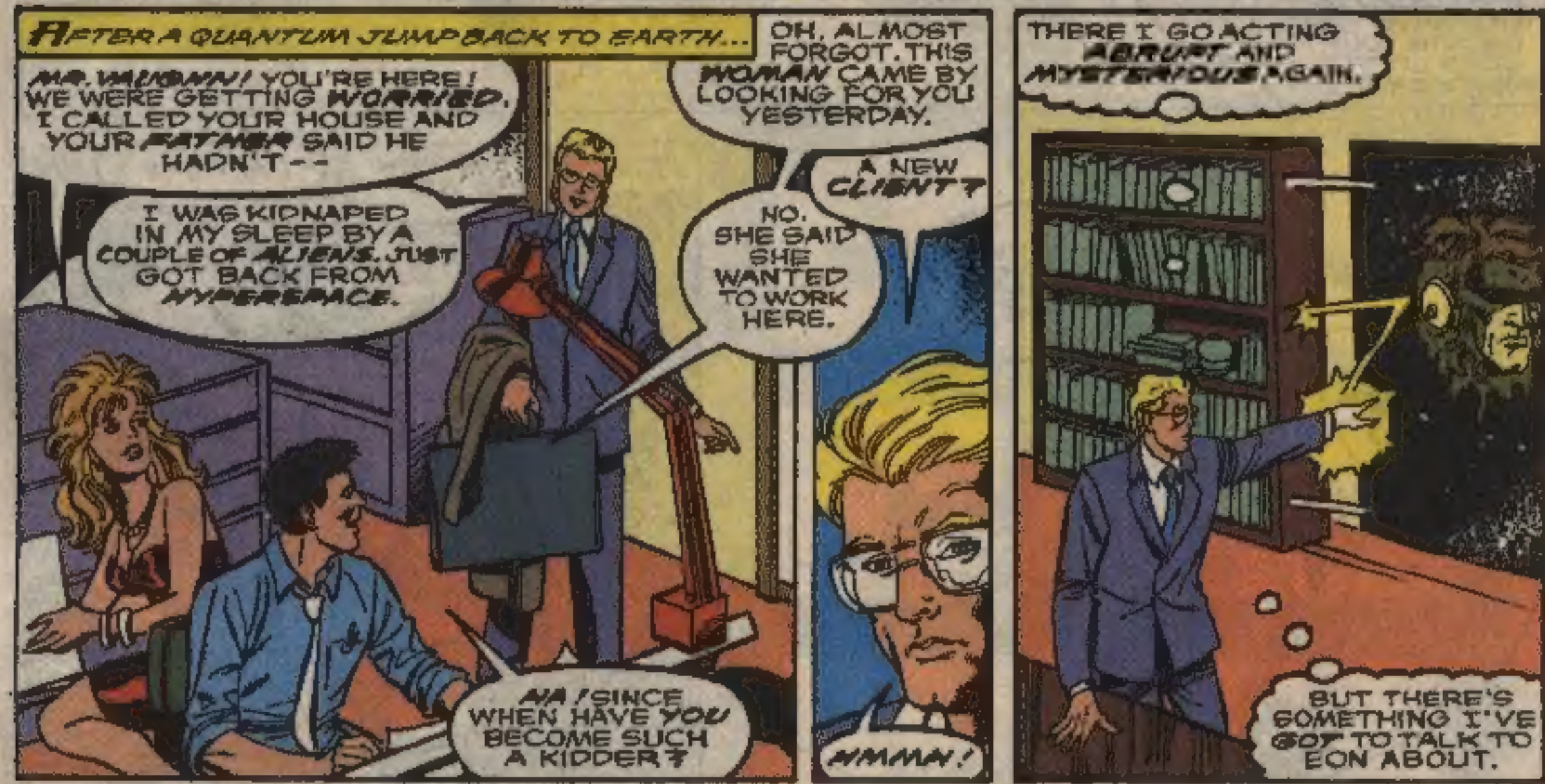
WE HAVE
DONE AS
YOU SAID.

GOOD.

I JUST WANT TO SAY
ONE LAST THING...

I HOPE YOU TWO DO MANAGE
TO UNLOCK YOUR RACE'S HIDDEN
POTENTIAL. THIS UNIVERSE HAS
ROOM ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY
TO BE GREAT.

EEESH. WAS
THAT
PRETENTIOUS
OR WHAT?



AFTER A QUANTUM JUMP BACK TO EARTH...

MR. WILSON! YOU'RE HERE!
WE WERE GETTING WORRIED.
I CALLED YOUR HOUSE AND
YOUR FATHER SAID HE
HADN'T --

I WAS KIDNAPED
IN MY SLEEP BY A
COUPLE OF ALIENS. JUST
GOT BACK FROM
HYPERSPACE.

OH, ALMOST
FORGOT. THIS
WOMAN CAME BY
LOOKING FOR YOU
YESTERDAY.

A NEW
CLIENT?

NO.
SHE SAID
SHE
WANTED
TO WORK
HERE.

HA! SINCE
WHEN HAVE YOU
BECOME SUCH
A KIDDER?

MMMM!

THERE I GO ACTING
ABRUPT AND
MYSTERIOUS AGAIN.

BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING I'VE
GOT TO TALK TO
EON ABOUT.



JUST WANTED TO TELL
YOU THAT I'M SORRY
YOU HAD TO HAUL MY
BACON OUT OF THE
FIRE WHEN THE KREE
HAD ME.

IT WOULD NOT DO FOR ME
TO LOSE MY PROTECTOR.

YEAH. WELL, I WAS WONDERING
IF THERE WAS A WAY TO
PRE-PROGRAM MY QUANTUM-BANDS
SO THAT THEY'D AUTOMATICALLY
INITIATE SOME PROTECTION
SEQUENCE THE INSTANT SOMEONE
THREATENED WITH THEM.

IT IS
POSSIBLE.

LATER...

SO WHY DIDN'T HE
TELL ME I COULD DO
THAT WHEN HE GAVE
ME THE JOB. I HAVE
FOUND IT IS BEST
TO LET MY
CHAMPIONS
DISCOVER
CERTAIN THINGS
FOR THEMSELVES,"
HE SAYS.

MAN, WHAT
A SLOW
LEARNER
I AM!

GOOD THING THE THREAT
TO EON IS TAKING SO
LONG TO REAR ITS HEAD.
I NEED ALL THE TIME I
CAN GET TO GET MY ACT
TOGETHER.

THE
END.

THE FUTURE IS HISTORY!



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They are all
that stand between
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